

THE OLD SPELLING SHAKESPEARE

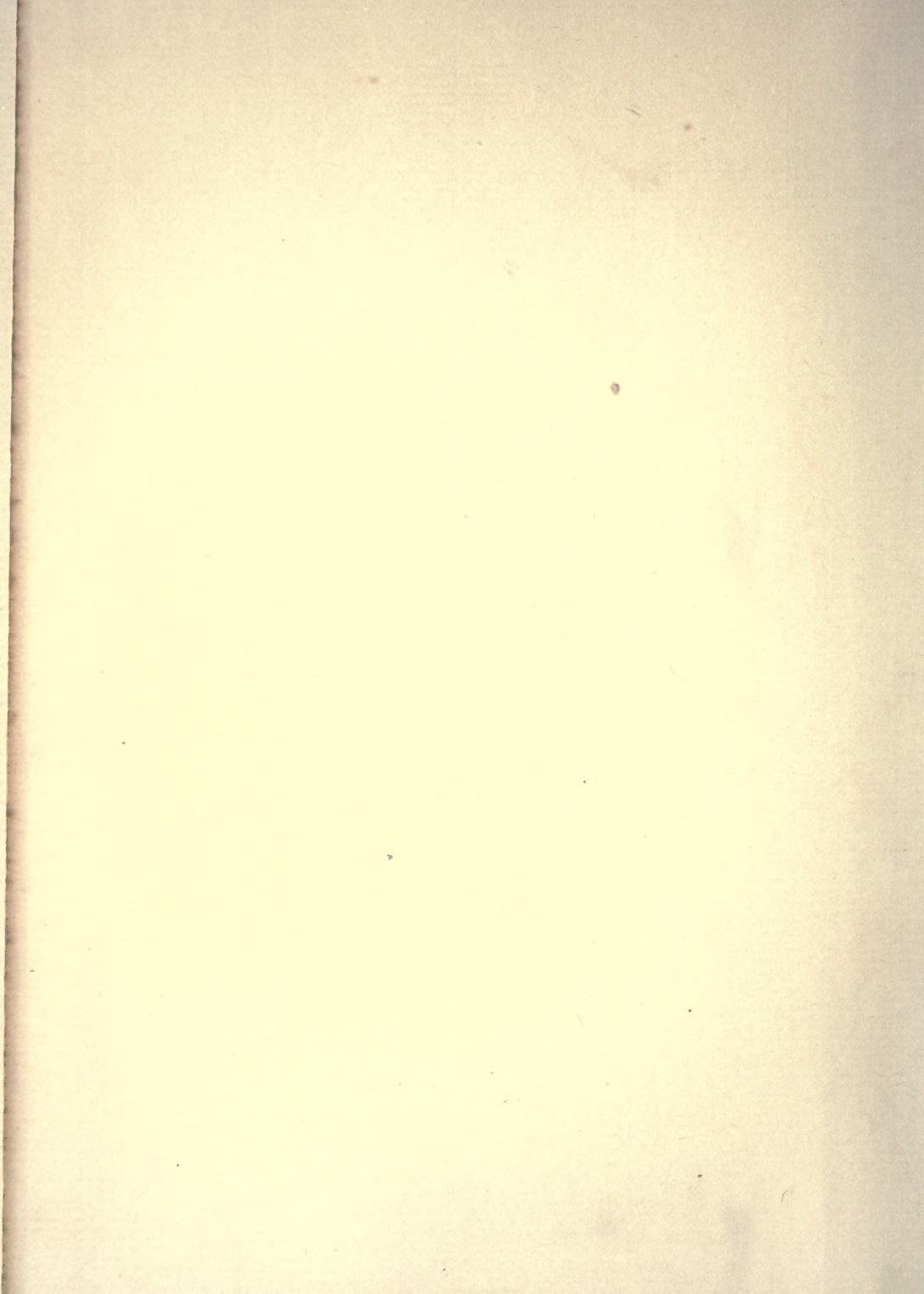
The Tempest

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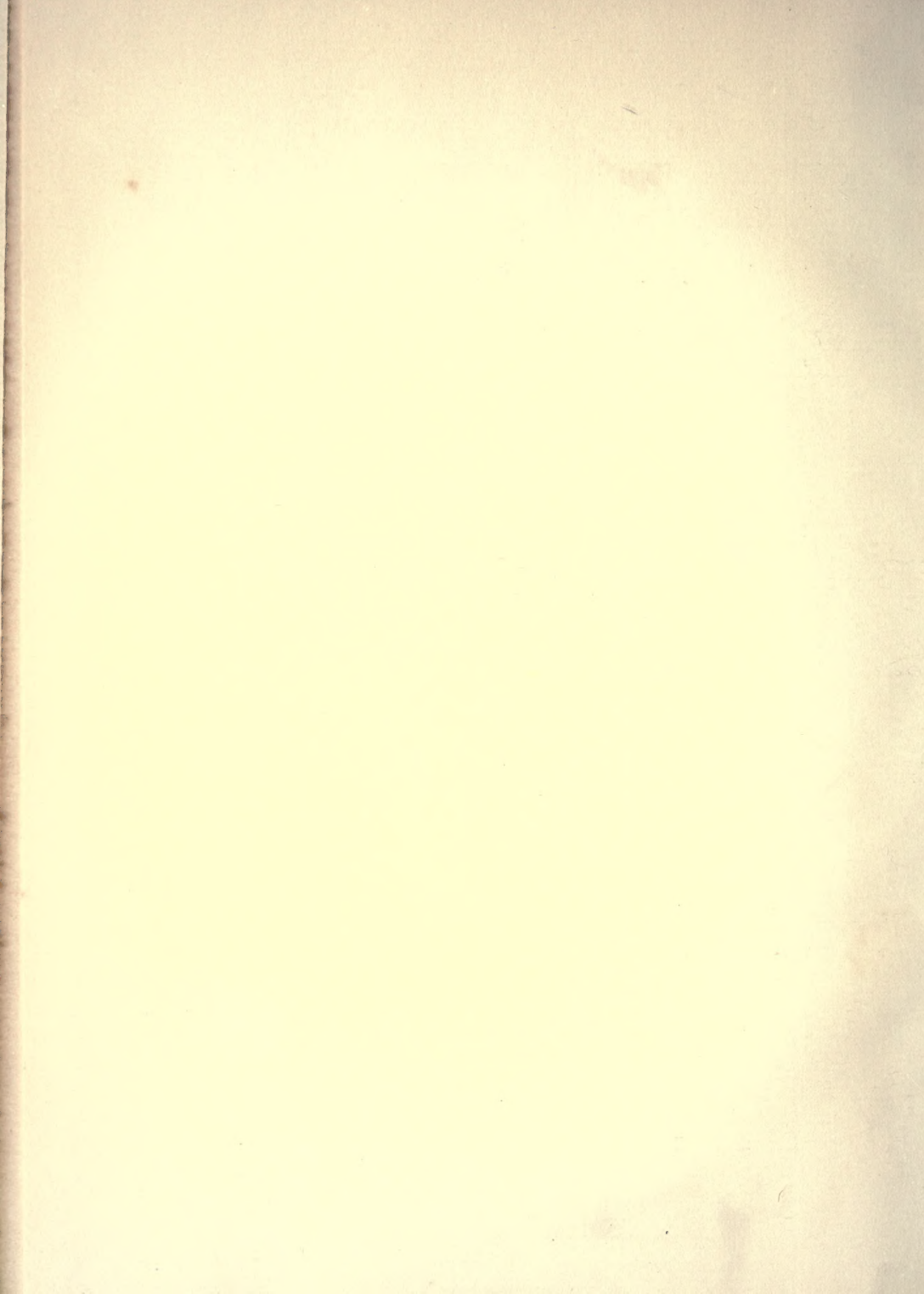














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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE :  
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the  
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts  
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late  
W. G. Boswell-Stone.





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Shakespeare, Wm.  
Old-spelling...  
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# THE TEMPEST

EDITED BY

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WITH INTRODUCTION

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# The Tempest

## INTRODUCTION

### DATE

THOUGH the exact year of the production of this play cannot be absolutely determined, critics are now almost universally agreed in placing it among the last of Shakespeare's compositions. Among the evidence which has been produced as bearing on the question may be cited Gonzalo's forecast of his policy as king of the island in Act II. scene i. which is taken almost directly from Montaigne, whose work was translated by Florio and published in 1603. Shakespeare is known to have had a copy of this book, and thus 1603 is obtained as the earliest date at which the play could have been written. Secondly, Ben Jonson has been supposed to allude to the *Tempest* in his celebrated passage in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 'If there be never a Servant-Monster in the Fair, who can help it (he says) nor a nest of Anticks? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget Tales, Tempests and such-like Drolleries, to mix his head with other men's heels.' *Bartholomew Fair* was produced in 1614, which is thus the latest date at which the *Tempest* could have been written. Thirdly, a book entitled *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Ile of Divels; by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Sommers, and Captayne Newport, with divers others*, 1610, written by Silvester Jourdain, has been thought to have some bearing on the question. The writer gives an account of a terrible storm by which they were cast on an enchanted island, where they found to their surprise 'the ayre so temperate and the country so abundantly fruitfull of all fit necessities for the sustentation and preservation of man's life' that they spent nine months in very fair comfort.

## *The Tempest.*

There are certain parallels which may be detected in his narrative with phrases in the *Tempest*. Though it had little influence on the scheme of the play, it is certainly probable that Shakespeare had read this work, and it is quite possible that he may have been impelled to write a play on the subject of a storm and an enchanted island at the time when this account was received with so much favour. Accepting this, 1610-11 would be the date to which this play must be set down, and this entirely agrees with the internal evidence.

In the whole play, omitting the songs and masque, there are only two rhyming lines: double endings abound, while light and weak endings are comparatively numerous. The diction is often almost overburdened with ideas, the narrative element is freely used, and the tinge of gloom which accompanies the play till the conclusion when it is dissolved in forgiveness and marriage are all suggestive of Shakespeare's final period. It is difficult to support the idea that Shakespeare was bidding farewell to the stage in the character of Prospero: it was hardly in his nature to put himself forward so prominently and assertively: while it is more than probable that the *Winter's Tale* succeeded the *Tempest*. The construction of the former play is more rugged than that of the *Tempest*, and an ingenious argument has been given by Mr. Collier that Shakespeare departed from Greene's *Pandosto* (in which Florizel and Perdita's prototypes are shipwrecked) as this would savour too much of the *Tempest* which had only recently appeared. The years 1610-11 may then be taken as the probable date of composition of this play.

## THE TEXT

The *Tempest* was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies the first place among the comedies. It is exceedingly well printed and the emendator has had little scope for his ingenuity. In the few passages that present any difficulty, however, the suggestions made are bewildering in their quantity and complexity. The epilogue is generally admitted to be by some other hand than the author's: and doubts have been thrown on the masque with which Prospero entertains Ferdinand and Miranda. This is probably genuine nevertheless: there is nothing in the



## Introduction.

matter that is antagonistic to the theory of Shakespeare's authorship: and it was quite customary to insert a masque within a play in the early years of James I's reign. Beaumont and Fletcher offer several examples of this: for instance in the *Maid's Tragedy*, which was probably written two years before the *Tempest*, there is a masque in the first act which far more seriously hinders the action than in Shakespeare's play.

With the exception of the *Comedy of Errors*, the *Tempest* is the shortest of Shakespeare's plays: hence it has been conjectured that the text is incomplete, and represents a version abridged for acting purposes. This theory again has little to commend its acceptance. The abruptness of the action, of which much has been made, seems entirely in accord with the conception of the play.

## SOURCE

No source has been discovered for the *Tempest*. Reference has already been made to Jourdain's pamphlet: there is nothing in it beyond a few unimportant details that can be said to have furnished any hint to the author. A German dramatist, Ayler, who died in 1605, composed a play which has been translated under the title of the *Fair Sidea*, in which certain similarities have been traced and very much exaggerated. This production is crude and painfully wearisome; and though it contains a banished duke who becomes a magician and eventually marries his daughter to the son of the king whom he holds in his power, the story is almost as different in its conception as it is in its treatment. The curious reader must be referred to Furness' Variorum Edition, where a carefully condensed version will be found.

The dramatic value of the *Tempest* is not very great: there are four themes, (1) the Prospero-Antonio; (2) the Ferdinand-Miranda; (3) the Sebastian-Alonso; (4) the Trinculo-Stephano and Caliban. In all of these Prospero with his obedient spirit is supreme: and none of the action is developed but concludes almost as soon as it is expounded. Neither is the characterisation very subtle: the charm of the *Tempest* lies almost wholly in the inexhaustible treasures of poetry with which it is garnished.

## *The Tempest.*

Prospero is an interesting and pleasing study of an old man, who has seen trouble and ingratitude, and remains serious and sad but in no way bitter or unrelenting. Miranda is a charming picture of sweet and holy innocence, and ranks only second to Perdita. The cheery, good-natured and lovable Gonzalo stands forth among the crowd of rather conventional courtiers who are shipwrecked with Alonso. Caliban is certainly a marvellous creation. As Hazlitt has said, 'It is the essence of grossness, but there is not a particle of vulgarity in it. Shakespeare has described the brutal mind of Caliban, in contact with the pure and original forms of Nature: the character grows out of the soil where it is rooted, uncontrolled, uncouth and wild, uncramped by any of the meannesses of custom. It is "of the earth, earthy."' It is possible, indeed, that Shakespeare may have obtained the germ of this creation from Job Hartop in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, III. 493. 'When we came in the height of Bermuda, we discovered a monster in the sea, who shewed himselfe three times unto us from the middle upwards, in which part he was proportioned like a man, of the complection of a Malato or tawny Indian.'

Ariel, too, commands our highest admiration. His airiness, charm, fancy, and tenderness mingled with his love of mischief and occasional rebelliousness make him sympathetic and delightful in the highest degree. He forms an instructive contrast with the earlier Puck of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The purely humorous characters Trinculo and Stephano provide no little diversion, but there is nothing in their characters that calls for particular notice.

## \*The Scene, an vn-inhabited Ifland.

### *Names of the Actors.*

- ALONSO, *King of Naples*, I.i.9, p. 1; II.i.9, p. 19; III.iii.4, p. 41; V.i.111, p. 57.
- SEBASTIAN, *his Brother*, I.i.39, p. 2; II.i.10, p. 19; III.iii.13, p. 42; V.i.129, p. 58.
- PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Millaine*, I.ii.13, p. 4; III.i.31, p. 35; III.iii.34, p. 43; IV.i.1, p. 45; V.i.1, p. 54.
- ANTHONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Millaine*, I.i.12, p. 1, II.i.11, p. 19; III.iii.11, p. 42; V.i.265, p. 62.
- FERDINAND, *Son to the King of Naples*, I.ii.386, p. 15; III.i.1, p. 34; IV.i.11, p. 46; V.i.172, p. 59.
- GONZALO, *an honest old Councillor*, I.i.15, p. 2; II.i.1, p. 19; III.iii.1, p. 41; V.i.104, p. 57.
- ADRIAN, & FRANCISCO, *Lords*. { ADRIAN, II.i.34, p. 20; III.iii.109, p. 45.  
V.i.57,\* p. 55.  
FRANCISCO, II.i.108, p. 22; III.iii.40, p. 43; V.i.57,\* p. 45.
- CALIBAN, *a saluage and deformed slave*, I.ii.314, p. 13; II.ii.1, p. 29; III.ii.22, p. 38; IV.i.194, p. 51; V.i.261, p. 62.
- TRINCULO, *a Iester*, II.ii.18, p. 29; III.ii.4, p. 37; IV.i.198, p. 52; V.i.259, p. 62.
- STEPHANO, *a drunken Butler*, II.ii.41, p. 30; III.ii.1, p. 37; IV.i.196, p. 52; V.i.256, p. 62.
- Master of a Ship, I.i.1, p. 1; V.i.216,\* p. 60.
- Boate-Swaine, I.i.2, p. 1; V.i.221, p. 61.
- Marriners, I.i.6,\* p. 1; I.i.49, p. 3. { 1 Mar., I.i.57, p. 3.  
2 Mar., I.i.58, p. 3.  
3 Mar., I.i.58, p. 3.  
4 Mar., I.i.59, p. 3.  
5 Mar., I.i.59, p. 3.
- MIRANDA, *daughter to PROSPERO*, I.ii.1, p. 3; III.i.15, p. 34; IV.i.144, p. 50; V.i.172, p. 59.
- ARIELL, *an ayrie spirit*, I.ii.189, p. 9; II.i.292, p. 28; III.ii.44, p. 38; (*like a Harpy*) III.iii.53, p. 43; IV.i.34, p. 46; V.i.4, p. 54.
- IRIS, IV.i.60, p. 47.
- CERES (ARIELL), IV.i.76, p. 48.
- IUNO, IV.i.103, p. 43.
- Nymphes, IV.i.134,\* p. 49.
- Reapers, IV.i.139,\* p. 50.
- Shapes, *bringing in a Banket, and dancing, &c.*, III.iii.17,\* p. 42; 82,\* p. 44.
- Spirits, *in shape of Dogs and Hounds, who barke*, IV.i.252, p. 53.

The Stage-time of the Play is about four hours, from just before 2 p.m. to 6. The Play observes the classic unities of time, place, and action.

<sup>1</sup> As this line, and the list of 'Names of the Actors,' are given in the Folio at the end of the Play, the entries are left here in the Folio order, references only to their first Speeches in every Scene being added. When they don't speak \* is put.



## NOTICE

In the Text, black type (**Clarendon** or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

'F' means the First Folio of 1623. F2, the Second Folio of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare's).

¶ in the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exíle,' &c. When *-ed* final is pronounst as a separate syllable, the *e* is printed ē.

# The Tempest

[From the First Folio of 1623.]





# T H E T E M P E S T.

*Actus Primus. Scena Prima.*

*A Ship at Sea.*

*A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Botefwaine.*

*Master.*

**B**ote-iwaine!

*Botef.* Heere, Master! What cheere?

*Maſt.* Good, Speake to th'Mariners! fall to't, yarely, or we run our felues a ground. Bestirre! bestirre!

[*Exit.* 5

*Enter Mariners.*

*Botef.* Heigh my hearts, cheerely! cheerely, my harts! yare, yare! Take in the toppe-sale! Tend to th'Masters whistle! ¶ Blow till thou burſt thy winde, if roome enough!

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, FERDINANDO,  
GONZALO, and others.*

*Alon.* Good Botefwaine, haue care! Where's the Master?  
Play the men! 10

*Botef.* I pray now, keepe below!

*Anth.* Where is the Master, Boson? 12

3. *to't*] too't F.

I

B

[I. i. 1-12.

## *The Tempest.*

*Botef.* Do you not heare him? You marre our labour!  
Keepe your Cabines! you do asist the storme.

*Gonz.* Nay, good, be patient! 15

*Botef.* When the Sea is. Hence! what cares these roarers  
for the name of King? To Cabine! Silence! Trouble  
vs not!

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard. 19

*Botef.* None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a  
Counsellor: if you can command these Elements to silence,  
and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope  
more: vse your authoritie! If you cannot, giue thanks you  
haue liu'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your [24  
Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. ¶ Cheerely,  
good hearts! ¶ Out of our way, I say! *[Exit.*

*Gon.* I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he  
hath no drowning marke vpon him; his complexion is [28  
perfect Gallowes. ¶ Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging!  
make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth  
little aduantage! If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our  
case is miserable! *[Exeunt.* 32

*Re-enter Botefwaine.*

*Botef.* Downe with the top-Mast! Yare! Lower, lower!  
Bring her to Try with Maine-course! *[A cry within.]* A  
plague vpon this howling! they are lowder then the weather,  
or our office! 36

*Re-enter* SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, & GONZALO.

¶ Yet againe? What! Do you heere? Shal we giue ore  
and drowne? Haue you a minde to finke?

*Sebas.* A poxe o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous,  
incharitable Dog! 40

*Botef.* Worke you then!

*Anth.* Hang cur! hang! You whoreson insolent Noyse-  
maker! we are lesse afraid to be drownde, then thou art. 43

*Gonz.* I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship  
were no stronger then a Nutt-shell, and as leaky as an vn-  
stanch'd wench.

---

32. *Exeunt*] Exit F.

36-7. *Re-enter* . . ] Enter . . F (after 'plague *A cry within.* l. 35).

## *The Tempest.*

*Boteſ.* Lay her a hold, a hold! ſet her two courſes off to  
Sea againe! lay her off! 48

*Enter Mariners, wet.*

*Mari.* All loſt! To prayers, to prayers! All loſt!  
[*Exeunt.*]

*Boteſ.* What! muſt our mouths be cold?

*Gonz.* The King, and Prince, at prayers! let's aſſiſt them,  
For our caſe is as theirs.

*Sebaſ.* I am out of patience. 52

*An.* We are meerly cheated of our liues by drunkards!

¶ This wide-chopt-raſcall: would thou mightſt lye drowning  
The waſhing of ten Tides!

*Gonz.* Hee'l be hang'd yet,  
Though euery drop of water ſweare againſt it, 56  
And gape at wiſd to glut him. [*A confuſed noiſe within.*]

*1 Mar.* Mercy on vs!

*2 Mar.* We ſplit! we ſplit!

*3 Mar.* Farewell my wife, and children!

*4 Mar.* Farewell, brother!

*5 Mar.* We ſplit, we ſplit, we ſplit!

*Anth.* Let's all ſinke with' King! 60

*Seb.* Let's take leaue of him! [*Exeunt all but GONZ.*]

*Gonz.* Now would I giue a thouſand furlongs of Sea, for  
an Acre of barren ground, Long heath, Browne firrs,<sup>1</sup> any  
thing. The Wills aboue be done! but I would faine dye a  
dry death. [*Exit.* 65]

## *Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.*

### *The Sea-Cliffes.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mira.* If by your Art (my deereſt father) you haue 1  
Put the wild waters in this Rore, alay them!

The ſkye (it ſeemes) would powre down ſtinking pitch,  
But that the Sea, mounting to th' welkins cheeke, 4  
Daſhes the fire out. Oh! I haue ſuffered

61. *Exeunt* . . .] Exit F.

<sup>1</sup> *firrs* = furze.

*The Tempest.*

With those that I saw suffer! A braue vessell  
(Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her)  
Dash'd all to peeces! O! the cry did knocke 8  
Against my very heart! Poore soules, they perish'd!  
Had I byn any God of power, I would  
Haue suncke the Sea within the Earth, or ere  
It should the good Ship so haue swallow'd, and 12  
The fraughting Soules within her!

*Prof.* Be collected!

No more amazement! Tell your piteous heart,  
There's no harme done.

*Mira.* O woe, the day!

*Prof.* No harme!

I haue done nothing, but in care of thee 16  
(Of thee, my deere one! thee, my daughter!) who  
Art ignorant of what thou art; naught knowing  
Of whence I am; nor that I am more better  
Then *Prospero*, Master of a full poore cell, 20  
And thy no greater Father.

*Mira.* More to know,  
Did neuer medle with my thoughts.

*Prof.* 'Tis time  
I should informe thee farther! Lend thy hand,  
And plucke my Magick garment from me! So! 24

*[Throws down his Mantle.*

¶ Lye there, my Art! ¶ Wipe thou thine eyes! haue comfort!  
The direfull spectacle of the wracke, which touch'd  
The very vertue of compassion in thee,  
I haue (with such prouision in mine Art) 28  
So safely ordered, that there is no foule,  
No, not so much perdition as an hayre,  
Betid to any creature in the vessell 31  
Which thou heardst cry, which thou saw'st sinke. Sit downe!  
For thou must now know farther. *[Both sit down.*

*Mira.* You haue often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,  
And left me to a bootelesse Inquisition,  
Concluding, 'stay! not yet!'

*Prof.* The howr's now come; 36  
The very minute byds thee ope thine eare;



## *The Tempest.*

Obey, and be attentiuē ! Canst thou remember  
A time before we came vnto this Cell ?  
I doe not thinke thou canst ; for then thou was't not 40  
Out three yeeres old.

*Mira.* Certainly, Sir, I can !

*Prof.* By what ? by any other house, or person ?  
Of any thing the Image, tell me, that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mira.* 'Tis farre off, 44  
And rather like a dreame, then an assurance,  
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not  
Fowre or fiue women once, that tended me ?

*Prof.* Thou hadst ; and more, *Miranda*. But how is it 48  
That this liues in thy minde ? What seest thou els  
In the dark-backward and Abisme of Time ?  
Yf thou remembrest ought ere thou cam'st here,  
How thou cam'st here, thou maist.

*Mira.* But that, I doe not. 52

*Prof.* Twelue yere since, (*Miranda*), twelue yere since,  
Thy father was the Duke of *Millaine*, and  
A Prince of power . . . . .

*Mira.* Sir ! are not you my Father ?

*Prof.* Thy Mother was a peece of vertue, and 56  
She said thou wast my daughter ; and thy father  
Was Duke of *Millaine* ; and his onely heire,  
And Princeesse, no worfe Issued.

*Mira.* O, the heauens !  
What fowle play had we, that we came from thence ? 60  
Or bleſſed was't, we did ?

*Prof.* Both, both, my Girle !  
By 'fowle play' (as thou saist) were we heau'd thence,  
But blessedly holpe hither.

*Mira.* O ! my heart bleedes  
To thinke oth' teene that I haue turn'd you to, 64  
Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, farther !

*Prof.* My brother, and thy vncke, call'd *Antonio*,  
(I pray thee marke me, that a brother should  
Be so perfidious !) he, whom, next thy selfe, 68  
Of all the world I lou'd, and to him put  
The mannage of my state ; (as, at that time,

## *The Tempest.*

Through all the signories it was the first,  
 And *Prospero*, the prime Duke, being so reputed 72  
 In dignity; and for the liberall Artes,  
 Without a paralell: those being all my studie,  
 The Gouernment I cast vpon my brother,  
 And to my State grew stranger, being transported 76  
 And rapt in secret studies;) thy false vnkle  
 (Do'st thou attend me?)

*Mira.* Sir! most heedefully.)

*Prof.* Being once perfected how to graunt suites,  
 How to deny them; who t'aduance, and who 80  
 To trash for ouer-topping; new created  
 The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd 'em,  
 Or els new form'd 'em; (hauing both the key,  
 Of Officer, and office;) fet all hearts i'th state 84  
 To what tune pleas'd his eare; that now he was  
 The Iuy which had hid my princely Trunck,  
 And suckt my verdure out on't: (Thou attend'st not?)

*Mira.* O good Sir, I doe!

*Prof.* I pray thee, marke me!) 88  
 I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
 To closenes, and the bettering of my mind  
 With that, which (but by being so retir'd)  
 Ore-priz'd all popular rate; in my false brother 92  
 Awak'd an euill nature; and my trust  
 (Like a good parent) did beget of him  
 A falsehood in it's contrarie, as great  
 As my trust was; which had indeede no limit, 96  
 A confidence sans bound. He being thus Lorded,  
 Not onely with what my reuénue yeilded,  
 But what my power might els exact, (Like one  
 Who hauing into truth, by telling of it, 100  
 Made such a synner of his memorie  
 To credite his owne lie,) he did beleue  
 He was indeed the Duke; (out o'th' Substitution,  
 And executing th'outward face of Roialtie, 104  
 With all prerogative;) hence, his Ambition growing,  
 (Do'st thou heare?)

*Mira.* Your tale, Sir, would cure deafenesse.)

*Prof.* To haue no Schreene between this part he plaid,

# The Tempest.

And him he plaid it for, he needes will be 108  
 Absolute *Millaine*. Me (poore man!) my Librarie  
 Was Dukedome large enough: of temporall royalties  
 He thinks me now incapable. Confederates  
 (So drie he was for Sway) wi'th' King of *Naples*, 112  
 To giue him Annuall tribute, doe him homage,  
 Subiect his Coronet to his Crowne, and bend  
 The Dukedom yet vnbow'd (alas, poore *Millaine*!)  
 To most ignoble stooping.

*Mira*. Oh the heauens! 116

*Prof*. Marke his condition, and th'euent! then tell me  
 If this might be a brother.

*Mira*. I should sinne  
 To thinke but Noblie of my Grand-mother:  
 Good wombes haue borne bad sonnes.

*Pro*. Now the Condition. 120  
 This King of *Naples*, being an Enemy  
 To me inueterate, hearkens my Brothers suit;  
 Which was, That he, in lieu o'th' premises,  
 Of homage, and I know not how much Tribute, 124  
 Should presently extirpate me and mine  
 Out of the Dukedome, and confer faire *Millaine*,  
 With all the Honors, on my brother: Whereon,  
 A treacherous Armie leuied, one mid-night 128  
 Fated to th' purpose, did *Anthonio* open  
 The gates of *Millaine*; and, ith' dead of darkenesse,  
 The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence,  
 Me, and thy crying selfe.

*Mir*. Alack, for pitty! 132  
 I, not remembring how I cride out then,  
 Will cry it ore againe: it is a hint  
 That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Pro*. Heare a little further;  
 And then I'le bring thee to the present businesse 136  
 Which now's vpon's; without the which, this Story  
 Were most impertinent.

*Mir*. Wherefore did they not,  
 That howre, destroy vs?

110. *royalties*] roalties F.

135. *to't*] too't F.

112 *wi'th'*] with F.

[1. ii. 108-138.

## *The Tempest.*

*Pro.* Well demanded, wench!  
My Tale prouokes that question. Deare, they durst not! 140  
(So deare the loue my people bore me!) nor set  
A marke so bloody on the businesse; but,  
With colours fairer, painted their foule ends.  
In few, they hurried vs a-boord a Barke, 144  
Bore vs some Leagues to Sea; where they prepared  
A rotten carkasse of a Butt,<sup>1</sup> not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sayle, nor mast; (the very rats  
Instinctiue haue quit it :) There they hoyft vs 148  
To cry to th' Sea, that roard to vs; to figh  
To th' windes, whose pittie, fighing backe againe,  
Did vs but louing wrong.

*Mir.* Alack! what trouble  
Was I then to you!

*Pro.* O! a Cherubin 152  
Thou was't, that did preferue me! Thou didst smile,  
(Infus'd with a fortitude from heauen,)  
When I haue deck'd the sea with drops full salt,  
Vnder my burthen groan'd; which rais'd in me 156  
An vndergoing stomacke, to beare vp  
Against what should ensue.

*Mir.* How came we a-shore?

*Pro.* By prouidence diuine, 160  
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
A noble *Neapolitan, Gonzalo*,  
Out of his Charity, (who being then appointed  
Master of this designe,) did giue vs, with  
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessaries, 164  
Which since haue steeded much; so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I lou'd my bookes, he furnisht me  
From mine owne Library, with volumes, that  
I prize about my Dukedome.

*Mir.* Would I might 168  
But euer see that man!

*Pro.* Now I arise. [*Puts on his Mantle.*  
Sit still, and heare the last of our sea-forrow!  
Heere in this Iland we arriu'd; and heere

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<sup>1</sup> Compare our use of 'Tub' for a clumsy boat.



## *The Tempest.*

Haue I, thy Schoolemaſter, made thee more profit 172  
Then other Princeſſe<sup>1</sup> can, that haue more time  
For vainer howres; and Tutors, not ſo carefull.

*Mir.* Heuens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, Sir,  
(For ſtill 'tis beating in my minde;) your reaſon 176  
For rayſing this Sea-ſtorme?

*Pro.* Know thus far forth!  
By accident moſt ſtrange, bountifull Fortune  
(Now my deere Lady) hath, mine enemies,  
Brought to this ſhore: And, by my preſcience, 180  
I finde my Zenith doth depend vpon  
A moſt auſpicious ſtarre, whoſe influence,  
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
Will euer after droope. Heare<sup>2</sup> ceaſe more queſtions! 184  
Thou art inclinde to ſleepe: 'tis a good dulneſſe,  
And giue it way! I know thou canſt not chuſe.

[*MIR. ſleepes.*

*Enter ARIEL.*

¶ Come away, Seruant, come! I am ready now,  
Approach, my *Ariel*! Come! 188

*Ari.* All haile, great Maſter! graue Sir, haile! I come  
To anſwer thy beſt pleaſure! be't to fly,  
To ſwim, to diue into the fire; to ride  
On the curld clowds: to thy ſtrong bidding, taſke 192  
*Ariel*, and all his Qualitie!

*Pro.* Haſt thou, Spirit,  
Performd to point, *THE TEMPEST* that I bad thee?

*Ar.* To euery Article!  
I boarded the Kings ſhip. Now on the Beake, 196  
Now in the Waſte, the Decke, in euery Cabyn,  
I flam'd amazement. Sometime I'd diuide,  
And burne in many places; on the Top-maſt,  
The Yards, and Bore-ſpritt, would I flame diſtinctly; 200  
Then meete, and ioyne. *Ioues* Lightning, the precuſers  
O'th dreadfull Thunder-claps, more momentarie

<sup>1</sup> *Princeſſe* is plural here, like  
'The two *Antipholus*.'—*Errors*, V.  
i. 356, vol. i, p. 139.

<sup>2</sup> *Heare* = here.

186-7. *Enter . . .*] *Ariel* is after  
188 in F.

200. *Bore-spritt*] F. boltsprit  
Rowe. *bowsprit* Cam.

## *The Tempest.*

And fight out-running, were not; the fire, and cracks  
Of fulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*, 204  
Seeme to besiege, and make his bold waues tremble,  
Yea, his dread Trident shake.

*Pro.* My braue Spirit!  
Who was so firme, so constant, that this coyle  
Would not infect his reason?

*Ar.* Not a soule 208  
But felt a Feauer of the madde, and plaid  
Some tricks of desperation. All but *Mariners*  
Plung'd in the foaming bryne, and quit the vessell,  
Then all a fire with me. The Kings sonne, *Ferdinand*, 212  
With haire vp-flaring, (then like reeds, not haire,)  
Was the first man that leapt; cride 'Hell is empty,  
And all the Diuels are heere!'

*Pro.* Why, that's my spirit!  
But was not this, nye shore?

*Ar.* Close by, my Master! 216  
*Pro.* But are they (*Ariell*) safe?

*Ar.* Not a haire perisht!  
On their sustaining garments, not a blemish,  
But fresher then before: and (as thou badst me)  
In troops I haue disperst them 'bout the Isle: 220  
The Kings sonne, haue I landed by himselfe,  
Whom I left cooling of the Ayre with fighes,  
In an odde Angle of the Isle, and sitting,  
His armes in this sad knot. [*Folds his Armes.*

*Pro.* Of the Kings ship, 224  
The Marriners, say how thou hast disposd,  
And all the rest o'th' Fleete?

*Ar.* Safely in harbour  
Is the Kings shippe; in the deepe Nooke, where once  
Thou calldst me vp at midnight, to fetch dewe 228  
From the still-veit *Bermoothes*; there she's hid;  
The Marriners, all vnder hatches stowed,  
Who, (with a Charme ioynd to their suffred labour,)  
I haue left asleep. And for the rest o'th' Fleet, 232  
(Which I dispers'd,) they all haue met againe,  
And are vpon the *Mediterranian* Flote,  
Bound sadly home for *Naples*,

*The Tempest.*

Supposing that they saw the Kings ship wrackt, 236  
And his great person perish.

*Pro.* *Ariel*, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more worke:  
What is the time o'th'day?

*Ar.* Past the mid season.

*Pro.* At least two Glasses: the time 'twixt fix & now, 240  
Must by vs both be spent most preciously.

*Ar.* Is there more toyle? Since *thou* dost giue me pains,  
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pro.* How now? moodie? 244  
What is't thou canst demand?

*Ar.* My Libertie.

*Pro.* Before the time be out? no more!

*Ar.* I prethee,  
Remember I haue done thee worthy seruice;  
Told thee no lyes, made thee no mistakings, serv'd 248  
Without, or grudge, or grumblings. Thou did promise  
To bate me a full yeere.

*Pro.* Do'st thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ar.* No!

*Pro.* Thou do'st! & thinkst it much to tread y<sup>e</sup> Ooze 252  
Of the salt deepe,  
To run vpon the sharpe winde of the North,  
To doe me businesse in the veines o'th' earth  
When it is bak'd with frost.

*Ar.* I doe not, Sir! 256

*Pro.* Thou liest, malignant Thing! Hast thou forgot  
The fowle Witch *Sycorax*, who (with Age and Enuy)  
Was growne into a hoope? hast thou forgot her?

*Ar.* No, Sir! [Tell me! 260

*Pro.* Thou hast! Where was she born? Speak!

*Ar.* Sir! in *Argier*.

*Pro.* Oh! was she so? I must  
(Once in a moneth) recount what thou hast bin,  
Which thou forgettst. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax*,  
(For mischiefes manifold, and forceries terrible 264  
To enter humane hearing,) from *Argier*

*The Tempest.*

(Thou know'st) was banish'd: for one thing she did,  
They wold not take her life: Is not this true?

*Ar.* I, Sir! 268

*Pro.* This blew ey'd hag, was hither brought with child,  
And here was left by th' Saylor. Thou, my slaue,  
(As thou reportst thy selfe,) was then her seruant;  
And, for thou wast a Spirit too delicate 272  
To act her earthy and abhord commands,  
Refusing her grand hefts, she did confine thee  
(By helpe of her more potent Ministers,  
And in her most vnmittigable rage) 276  
Into a clouen Pyne; within which rift  
Imprison'd, thou didst painefully remaine  
A dozen yeeres: within which space she di'd,  
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groanes 280  
As fast as Mill-wheeles strike. Then was this Island,  
(Saue for the Son, that she did littour heere,  
A frekelld whelpe, hag-borne,) not honour'd with  
A humane shape.

*Ar.* Yes! *Caliban* her sonne. 284

*Pro.* Dull thing, I say so! (he, that *Caliban*  
Whom now I keepe in seruice.) Thou best know'st  
What torment I did finde thee in: thy grones  
Did make wolues howle, and penetrate the breasts 288  
Of euer-angry Beares: it was a torment  
To lay vpon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*  
Could not againe vndoe. It was mine Art,  
(When I arriu'd, and heard thee,) that made gape 292  
The Pyne, and let thee out.

*Ar.* I thanke thee, Master!

*Pro.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oake,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou hast howl'd away twelue winters!

*Ar.* Pardon, Master! 296

I will be correspondent to command,  
And doe my spyting, gently.

*Pro.* Doe so! and after two daies  
I will discharge thee.

---

282. *she*] Rowe (after Dryden). he F.

# *The Tempest.*

*Ar.* That's my noble Master!  
What shall I doe? say what! what shall I doe? 300

*Pro.* Goe make thy selfe like a Nymph o'th' Sea;  
Be subiect to no fight but thine, and mine; inuisible  
To euery eye-ball else. Goe take this shape, 303  
And hither come in't! goe! hence with diligence! [*Exit ARIEL.*  
[*To MIR.*] Awake, deere hart! awake! thou hast slept well;  
Awake!

*Mir.* The strangenes of your story, put  
Heauineffe in me.

*Pro.* Shake it off! Come on!  
Wee'll visit *Caliban*, my flauie, who neuer 308  
Yeelds vs kinde anfwere.

*Mir.* 'Tis a villaine, Sir,  
I doe not loue to looke on.

*Pro.* But, as 'tis,  
We cannot misse him: he do's make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serues in Offices 312  
That profit vs. What, hoa! flauie! *Caliban*!  
Thou Earth, thou! speake!

*Cal.* [*within.*] There's wood enough within!  
*Pro.* Come forth, I say! there's other busines for thee:  
Come, thou Tortoys! when? 316

*Enter ARIEL like a water-Nymph.*

¶ Fine apparition! My queint *Ariel*,  
Hearke in thine eare! [*Whispers AR.*

*Ar.* My Lord, it shall be done! [*Exit.*  
*Pro.* [*to CAL.*] Thou poyfonous flauie, got by y<sup>e</sup> diuell  
himselfe

Vpon thy wicked Dam, come forth! 320

*Re-enter CALIBAN.*

*Cal.* As wicked dewe, as ere my mother brush'd  
With Rauens feather from vnwholefome Fen,  
Drop on you both! A Southwest blow on yee,  
And blister you all ore! 324

*Pro.* For this, be sure, to night thou shalt haue cramps,  
Side-fitches, that shall pen thy breath vp! Vrchins



## *The Tempest.*

Shall (for that vast of night, that they may worke,)  
 All exercise on thee! thou shalt be pinch'd 328  
 As thicke as hony-combe, each pinch more stinging  
 Then Bees that made 'em!

*Cal.*

I must eat my dinner!

This Island's mine (by *Sycorax*, my mother)  
 Which thou tak'st from me! When thou cam'st first, 332  
 Thou stroaktst me, & made much of me; wouldst giue me  
 Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
 To name the bigger Light, and how the lesse,  
 (That burne by day, and night :) and then I lou'd thee, 336  
 And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,  
 The fresh Springs, Brine-pits; barren place and fertill:  
 Curs'd be I, that did so! All the Charmes  
 Of *Sycorax* (Toades, Beetles, Batts,) light on you! 340  
 For I am all the Subiects that you haue,  
 Which first was mine owne King: and here you sty me  
 In this hard Rocke, whiles you doe keepe from me  
 The rest o'th' Island!

*Pro.*

Thou most lying slaue, 344

Whom stripes may moue, not kindnes! I haue vs'd thee  
 (Filth as thou art,) with humane care; and lodg'd thee  
 In mine owne Cell, till thou didst seeke to violate  
 The honor of my childe. 348

*Cal.* Oh ho, oh ho! would't had bene done!

Thou didst preuent me; I had peopel'd else

This Isle with *Calibans*.

*Prosp.*

Abhorred Slaue,

Which any print of goodnesse wilt not take, 352  
 Being capable of all ill! I pittied thee,  
 Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each houre,  
 One thing or other. When thou didst not (Sauage)  
 Know thine owne meaning, but wouldst gabble, like 356  
 A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
 With words that made them knowne. But thy vild race  
 (Tho thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures  
 Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou 360  
 Deferuedly confin'd into this Rocke,

---

333. *stroaktst*] stroakst F. 342. *mine*] min F.

351. *Prosp.*] Theobald (after Dryden). *Mira.* F.

# The Tempest.

Who hadst deseru'd more then a prifon.

*Cal.* You taught me Language; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curfe! The red-plague rid you, 364  
For learning me your language!

*Prof.* Hag-feed, hence!  
Fetch vs in Fewell! and be quicke (thou'rt beft!)  
To answer other bufineffe! Shrug'ft thou (Malice)?  
If thou neglectft, or doft vnwillingly 368  
What I command, Ile racke thee with old Crampes,  
Fill all thy bones with Achës, make thee rore,  
That beafts fhall tremble at thy dyn!

*Cal.* No, 'pray thee!  
[*Aside*] I muft obey! His Art is of fuch pow'r, 372  
It would controll my Dams god, *Setebos*,  
And make a vaffaile of him!

*Pro.* So, flauie! hence! [*Exit CAL.*  
*Enter FERDINAND; & ARIEL, inuifible, playing & fing.*

*Ariel.* [Song.] Come vnto thefe yellow fands, 375  
and then take hands;  
*Curtfied when you haue, and kift*  
*the wilde waues whift!* 378  
*Foot it featly heere and there,*  
*and, fweete Sprights, beare the burthen!*<sup>1</sup>  
[Burthen, difperfedly.] *Harke, harke! bowgh wawgh!*  
*The watch-Dogges barke, bowgh-wawgh!*

*Ar.* Hark, hark, I heare,  
*the ftaine of ftutting Chanticleere*  
*cry, ' Cockadidle-dowe!'* 385

*Fer.* Where fhould this Mufick be? I'th aire, or th'earth?  
It founds no more: and, fure, it waytes vpon  
Some God 'oth'Iland! Sitting on a banke,  
(Weeping againe the King my Fathers wracke,) 389  
This Muficke crept by me vpon the waters,  
Allaying, both their fury, and my paffion,  
With it's fweet ayre: thence I haue follow'd it,  
(Or it hath drawne me rather;) but 'tis gone! [*Musick.* 393  
No! it begins againe!

<sup>1</sup> The rhythm shows that the order of the words is not to be altered for ryme's sake.

## The Tempest.

*Ariell.* [Song.] Full fadom five thy Father lies :  
 Of his bones are Corrall made :  
 Those are pearles that were his eies, 397  
 Nothing of him that doth fade, 398  
 But doth suffer a Sea-change  
 Into something rich & strange : 400  
*Sea-Nymphs* hourly ring his knell :

[Burthen :] ding dong !  
*Harke !* now I heare them : ding-dong, bell ! 402

*Fer.* The Ditty do's remember my drown'd Father !  
 This is no mortall bufines, nor no found  
 That the earth owes<sup>1</sup> : I heare it now about me. 405  
[It dies.]

*Pro.* [to *MIR.*] The fringed Curtaines of thine eye aduance,  
 And say what thou see'st yond !

*Mira.* What is't ? a Spirit ?  
 Lord, how it lookes about ! Beleeue me, fir,  
 It carries a braue forme. But 'tis a spirit. 409

*Pro.* No, wench ! it eats, and sleeps, & hath such senses  
 As we haue : such ! This Gallant which thou see'st,  
 Was in the wracke : and, but hee's something staine'd  
 With greefe, (that's beauties canker,) thou might'st call him  
 A goodly person : he hath lost his fellowes, 414  
 And strays about to finde 'em.

*Mir.* I might call him  
 A thing diuine ; for nothing naturall,  
 I euer saw so Noble.

*Pro.* [aside] It goes on, I see, 417  
 As my foule prompts it ! ¶ Spirit, fine spirit ! Ile free thee  
 Within two dayes for this !

*Fer.* [aside] Most sure, the Goddesse  
 On whom these ayres attend ! [To *MIR.*] Vouchsafe, my pray'r  
 May know if you remaine vpon this Island ; 421  
 And that you will some good instruction giue,  
 How I may beare me heere ! my prime request  
 (Which I do last pronounce) is, (O you wonder !)  
 If you be Mayd, or no ?

*Mir.* No 'wonder', Sir ! 425

<sup>1</sup> owes = owns.

## *The Tempest.*

But certainly a 'Mayd'.

*Fer.* My Language! Heauens!  
I am the best of them that speake this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pro.* How? the best?  
What wer't thou, if the King of *Naples* heard thee? 429

*Fer.* A fingle thing, as I am now, that wonders  
To heare thee speake of *Naples*. He do's heare me;  
And that he do's, I weepe! My selfe am *Naples*,  
Who, with mine eyes, (neuer since at ebbe,) beheld 433  
The King my Father wrack't!

*Mir.* Alacke, for mercy!  
*Fer.* Yes, faith, & all his Lords; the Duke of *Millaine*  
And his braue sonne, being twaine.

*Pro.* [*aside*] The Duke of *Millaine*, 436  
And his more brauer daughter, could controll thee,  
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first fight  
They haue chang'd eyes! (¶ Delicate *Ariel*,  
Ile set thee free for this!) [*To FER.*] A word, good Sir! 440  
I feare you haue done your selfe some wrong: A word!

*Mir.* [*aside*] Why speakes my father so vngently? This  
Is the third man that ere I saw: the first  
That ere I figh'd for. Pitty moue my father 444  
To be enclin'd my way!

*Fer.* O, if a Virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, Ile make you 446  
The Queene of *Naples*!

*Pro.* Soft sir, one word more! [busines,  
[*Aside*] They are both in eythers pow'rs! But this swift  
I must vneasie make, least too light winning [thee  
Make the prize light. [*To FER.*] One word more! I charge  
That thou attend me! Thou do'st heere vsurpe 451  
The name thou ow'ft not, and hast put thy selfe  
Vpon this Island, as a spy, to win it  
From me, the Lord on't.

*Fer.* No! as I am a man!  
*Mir.* Ther's nothing ill, can dwell in such a Temple! 455  
If the ill-spirit haue so fayre a house,  
Good things will friue to dwell with't.

*Pro.* [*to FER.*] Follow me!

## *The Tempest.*

[**To MIR.**] Speake not you for him! hee's a Traitor! ¶ Come,  
Ile manacle thy necke and feete together! 459

Sea water shalt thou drinke! thy food shall be  
The fresh-brooke Mussels, wither'd roots, and huskes  
Wherein the Acorne cradled! Follow!

*Fer.* No!  
I will resist such entertainment, till 463  
Mine enemy ha's more pow'r!

[*He drawes, and is charmed from moving.*]

*Mira.* O deere Father!  
Make not too rash a triall of him! for  
Hee's gentle, and not fearfull.

*Prof.* What, I say!  
My foote, my Tutor! ¶ Put thy sword vp, Traitor! 467  
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike: thy confidence  
Is so possest with guilt. Come, from thy ward!  
For I can heere disarme thee with this sticke,  
And make thy weapon drop.

[**PROS.** touches **FER.**s sword. *It drops.*]

*Mira.* Beseech you, Father! 471  
[*seizes his Mantle.*]

*Prof.* Hence! hang not on my garments!

*Mira.* Sir, haue pity!  
Ile be his surety!

*Prof.* Silence! One word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee! What!  
An aduocate for an Impostor? Hush! 475  
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,  
(Hauing seene but him and *Caliban* :) Foolish wench!  
To th'most of men, this is a *Caliban*,  
And they to him are Angels!

*Mira.* My affections 479  
Are then most humble: I haue no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Prof.* [**to FER.**] Come on! obey!  
Thy Nerues are in their infancy againe,  
And haue no vigour in them!

*Fer.* So they are! 483  
My spirits, as in a dreame, are all bound vp:

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459. *Speake*] *Pros.* Speake F.



## *The Tempest.*

My Fathers losse, the weaknesse which I feele,  
The wracke of all my friends, nor this mans threats,  
(To whom I am subdude,) are but light to me, 487  
Might I but (through my prison) once a day  
Behold this Mayd! all corners else o'th'Earth,  
Let liberty make vse of! space enough 490  
Haue I in such a prison.

*Prof.* [*aside*] It workes! [*To FER.*] Come on!  
(¶ Thou hast done well, fine *Ariell*!) [*To FER.*] Follow me!  
[*To ARI.*] Harke what thou else shalt do mee!)

*Mira.* Be of comfort!  
My Fathers of a better nature, (Sir,) 494  
Then he appeares by speech: this is vnwonted,  
Which now came from him.

(*Prof.* [*to ARI.*] Thou shalt be as free  
As mountaine windes! but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ariell.* To th'yllable!)

*Prof.* [*to FER.*] Come, follow! [*To MIR.*] Speake not for  
him. [*Exeunt.* 499

### *Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.*

#### *The Island.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN,  
FRANCISCO, and others.*

*Gonz.* Befeech you, Sir, be merry! You haue cause 1  
(So haue we all) of ioy; for our escape  
Is much beyond our losse. Our hint of woe  
Is common: euery day, some Saylor's wife, 4  
The Masters of some Merchant, and the Merchant,  
Haue iust our Theame of woe: But for the miracle,  
(I meane our preferuation,) few in millions  
Can speake like vs: then wisely (good Sir) weigh 8  
Our sorrow, with our comfort!

*Alonf.* Prethee, peace!

*Seb.* He receiues comfort like cold porredge!

*Ant.* The Visitor will not giue him ore so.

*Seb.* Looke! hee's winding vp the watch of his wit; by  
and by it will strike. 13

## *The Tempest.*

*Gon.* Sir! . . .  
*Seb.* One: Tell!  
*Gon.* When euey greefe is entertaind, that's offer'd, 16  
 Comes to th'entertainer . . .  
*Seb.* A dollor!  
*Gon.* 'Dolour' comes to him indeed! you haue spoken  
 truer then you purpos'd. 20  
*Seb.* You haue taken it wifelier then I meant you should.  
*Gon.* Therefore, my Lord . . .  
*Ant.* Fie! what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue!  
*Alon.* I pre-thee, spare! 24  
*Gon.* Well, I haue done: But yet, . . .  
*Seb.* He will be talking!  
*Ant.* Which, of he, or *Adrian*, (for a good wager,) first  
 begins to crow? 28  
*Seb.* The old Cocke!  
*Ant.* The Cockrell!  
*Seb.* Done! The wager?  
*Ant.* A Laughter. 32  
*Seb.* A match!  
*Adr.* Though this Island seeme to be desert . . . .  
*Seb.* [*laughing*] Ha, ha, ha!  
*Ant.* So: you've paid. 36  
*Adr.* Vninhabitable, and almost inaccessible . . . .  
*Seb.* Yet . . .  
*Adr.* Yet . . .  
*Ant.* He could not misse't! 40  
*Adr.* It muft needs be of fubtle, tender, and delicate  
 temperance.  
*Ant.* *Temperance* was a delicate wench.  
*Seb.* I, and a fubtle, as he most learnedly deliuer'd. 44  
*Adr.* The ayre breathes vpon vs here most sweetly.  
*Seb.* As if it had Lungs, and rotten ones.  
*Ant.* Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a Fen.  
*Gon.* Heere is euey thing aduantageous to life. 48  
*Ant.* True! faue meanes to liue!  
*Seb.* Of that there's none, or little.  
*Gon.* How lush and lusty the grass looks! How greene!

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36. *you've*] Capell. you'r F. (*Seb.* pays, as *Adr.* spoke first.)  
 II. i. 14-51.] 20

## *The Tempest.*

- Ant.* The ground indeed is tawny. 52  
*Seb.* With an eye of greene in't.  
*Ant.* He misses not much.  
*Seb.* No! he doth but mistake the truth totally! 55  
*Gon.* But the rariety of it is, (which is indeed almost beyond credit) . . . .  
*Seb.* As many voucht rarieties are. 58  
*Gon.* That our Garments being (as they were) drencht in the Sea, hold notwithstanding their freshnesse and glosses, being rather new dy'de, then stain'd with salte water. 61  
*Ant.* If but one of his pockets could speake, would it not say he lyes?  
*Seb.* I! or very falsely pocket vp his report. 64  
*Gon.* Me thinkes our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Affricke*, at the marriage of the kings faire daughter *Claribel* to the king of *Tunis*. 67  
*Seb.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our returne.  
*Adri.* *Tunis* was neuer grac'd before with such a Paragon to their Queene! 71  
*Gon.* Not since widdow *Dido's* time.  
*Ant.* 'Widow'! A pox o'that! how came that 'Widdow' in? 'Widdow *Dido*'! 74  
*Seb.* What if he had said 'Widdower *Aeneas*' too? Good Lord! how you take it!  
*Adri.* 'Widdow *Dido*,' said you? You make me study of that: She was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*. 78  
*Gon.* This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.  
*Adri.* 'Carthage'?  
*Gon.* I assure you, 'Carthage.'  
*Ant.* His word is more then the miraculous Harpe! 82  
*Seb.* He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.  
*Ant.* What impossible matter wil he make easy next?  
*Seb.* I thinke hee will carry this Island home in his pocket, and giue it his sonne for an Apple. 86  
*Ant.* And sowing the kernels of it in the Sea, bring forth more Islands.  
*Gon.* I.  
*Ant.* Why, in good time. 90  
*Gon.* [*to ALON.*] Sir, we were talking, that our garments

## The Tempest.

seeme now as fresh as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queene.

*Ant.* And the rarest that ere came there. 94

*Seb.* Bate (I beseech you,) 'widdow *Dido*.'

*Ant.* O 'Widdow *Dido*!' I, 'Widdow *Dido*!'!

*Gon.* Is not, Sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I meane in a fort. 98

(*Ant.* That 'fort' was well fish'd for!)

*Gon.* When I wore it at your daughters marriage.

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine eares, against  
The stomacke of my sense. Would I had neuer 102

Married my daughter there! For, comming thence,

My sonne is lost, and (in my rate) she too,

Who is so farre from *Italy* remoued,

I ne're againe shall see her! O thou mine heire 106

Of *Naples* and of *Millaine*, what strange fish

Hath made his meale on thee?

*Fran.* Sir! he may liue:

I saw him beate the surges vnder him,

And ride vpon their backes; he trod the water, 110

Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted

The surge most swolne that met him: his bold head,

'Boue the contentious waues he kept, and oared

Himselfe with his good armes, in lusty stroke, 114

To th'shore; that ore his waue-worne basis bowed,

As stooping to releue him: I not doubt

He came aliuie to Land.

*Alon.* No, no! hee's gone!

*Seb.* Sir! you may thank your selfe for this great losse, 118

That would not blesse our *Europe* with your daughter,

But rather loose her to an *Affrican*,

Where she (at least) is banish'd from your eye,

Who hath cause to wet the greefe on't.

*Alon.* Pre-thee, peace! 122

*Seb.* You were kneel'd to, & importun'd otherwise,

By all of vs; and the faire soule her selfe

Waigh'd, betweene loathnesse, and obedience, at 125

Which end o'th'beame sh'ould bow. We haue lost your son,

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123. *to*] too F.      126. *sh'ould* = she would. should F.  
II. i. 92-126.]      22

# The Tempest.

I feare, for euer! *Millaine* and *Naples* haue  
 Mo widdowes in them of this bufineffe making,  
 Then we bring men to comfort them: 129  
 The fault's your owne!

*Alon.* So is the deer't oth'loffe!

*Gon.* My Lord *Sebastian*,  
 The truth you speake, doth lacke some gentleneffe,  
 And time to speake it in: you rub the fore, 133  
 When you should bring the plaister.

*Seb.* Very well!

*Ant.* And most Chirurgeonly!

*Gon.* It is foule weather in vs all, good Sir, 137  
 When you are cloudy.

*Seb.* 'Fowle weather'?

*Ant.* Very 'foule'!

*Gon.* Had I plantation of this Isle, my Lord . . .

(*Ant.* Hee'd fow't vvith Neetle-feed.

*Seb.* Or dockes, or Mallowes.) 140

*Gon.* And were the King on't, what vvould I do?

(*Seb.* Scape being drunke, for want of Wine!)

*Gon.* I'th'Commonwealth I vvould (by contraries)  
 Execute all things: For no kinde of Trafficke 144

Would I admit; No name of Magistrate:

Letters should not be knowne: Riches, pouerty,

And vse of seruice, none: Contract, Succesfion,  
 Borne,<sup>1</sup> bound of Land, Tilth, Vineyard none: 148

No vse of Mettall, Corne, or Wine, or Oyle:

No occupation, all men idle, all:

And Women too, but innocent and pure:

No Soueraignty . . .

(*Seb.* Yet he vvould be King on't! 152

*Ant.* The latter end of his Common-wealth forgets the  
 beginning.)

*Gon.* All things in common, Nature should produce  
 Without sweat or endeuour: Treason, fellony, 156  
 Sword, Pike, Knife, Gun, or neede of any Engine,  
 Would I not haue: but Nature should bring forth  
 Of it<sup>2</sup> owne kinde, all foyzon, all abundance,

<sup>1</sup> *Borne* = Bourne, brook, as in R. of Brunne, *Chron.* 8164, &c.

<sup>2</sup> *it* = its.



## The Tempest.

To feed my innocent people. 160

(*Seb.* No marrying 'mong his subiects?)

*Ant.* None (man!) all idle; Whores and knaues!)

*Gon.* I vvould vvith fuch perfection gouerne, Sir,

T'Excell the Golden Age.

*Seb.* 'Saue his Maiefty! 164

*Ant.* Long liue *Gonzalo*!

*Gon.* And, (do you marke me, Sir?)

*Alon.* Pre-thee no more! thou dost talke nothing to me!

*Gon.* I do vvell beleuee your Highnesse; and did it to minifter occasion to these Gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble Lungs, that they alwayes vse to laugh at nothing. 170

*Ant.* 'Twas you, vve laugh'd at.

*Gon.* Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am 'nothing' to you: so you may continue, and 'laugh at nothing' still.

*Ant.* What a blow vvvas there giuen! 174

*Seb.* And it had not false flat-long!

*Gon.* You are Gentlemen of braue mettall; you would lift the Moone out of her spheare, if she would continue in it five weekes vvithout changing. 178

*Enter ARIELL (inuisible) playing solemne Musicke.*

*Seb.* We vvould so; and then go a Bat-fowling.

*Ant.* Nay, good my Lord, be not angry!

*Gon.* No, I warrant you! I vvill not aduenture my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleepe, for I am very heauy? 183

*Ant.* Go sleepe, and heare vs!

[*All sleepe, but ALON., SEB., & ANT.*]

*Alon.* What! all so soone asleepe? I wish mine eyes Would (with themselues) shut vp my thoughts! I finde They are inclin'd to do so.

*Seb.* Please you, Sir, 187  
Do not omit the heauy offer of it!

It fildome visits sorrow; when it doth,  
It is a Comforter.

*Ant.* We two, my Lord,  
Will guard your person, while you take your rest, 191  
And watch your safety.

## *The Tempest.*

*Alon.* Thanke you! Wondrous heavy! 192

[*ALONZO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.*

*Seb.* What a strange drowfines possesses them!

*Ant.* It is the quality o'th'Clymate.

*Seb.* Why  
Doth it not then our eye-lids sinke? I finde not  
My selfe dispos'd to sleep.

*Ant.* Nor I; my spirits are nimble. 196  
They fell together all, as by consent;  
They dropt, as by a Thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy *Sebastian*? . . . O! what might? . . . No more! . . .  
And yet, me thinks I see it in thy face, 200  
What thou should'st be. Th'occasion speaks thee; and  
My strong imagination sees a Crowne  
Dropping vpon thy head.

*Seb.* What! art thou waking?

*Ant.* Do you not heare me speake?

*Seb.* I do! and surely 204  
It is a sleepey Language; and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleepe. What is it, thou didst say?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleepe  
With eyes wide open! standing, speaking, mouing! 208  
And yet so fast asleepe!

*Ant.* Noble *Sebastian*,  
Thou let'st thy fortune sleepe! (die rather!) wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking!

*Seb.* Thou do'st snore distinctly:  
There's meaning in thy snores. 212

*Ant.* I am more serious then my custome: you  
Must be so too, if heed me: which to do,  
Trebbles thee o're.

*Seb.* Well! I am standing water.

*Ant.* Ile teach you how to flow.

*Seb.* Do so! To ebbe, 216  
Hereditary Sloth instructs me.

*Ant.* O!  
If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,  
Whiles thus you mocke it! how, in stripping it,  
You more inuest it! Ebbing men, indeed, 220  
(Most often) do so neere the bottome run

## *The Tempest.*

By their owne feare, or floth.

*Seb.* Pre-thee say on!  
The setting of thine eye and cheeke, proclaime  
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed, 224  
Which throwes<sup>1</sup> thee much to yeeld.

*Ant.* Thus, Sir!  
Although this Lord of weake remembrance, (this,  
Who shall be of as little memory  
When he is earth'd,) hath here almost perswaded 228  
(For hee's a Spirit of perswasion, onely  
Professes to perswade) the King, his sonne's aliuie:  
'Tis as impossible that hee's vndrown'd,  
As he that sleepes heere, fwims.

*Seb.* I haue no hope 232  
That hee's vndrown'd.

*Ant.* O! out of that 'no hope,'  
What great 'hope' haue you! 'No hope' that way, Is,  
Another way, so high a 'hope,' that euen  
Ambition cannot pierce a winke beyond, 236  
But doubt discouery there. Will you grant with me  
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

*Seb.* He's gone!

*Ant.* Then tell me,  
Who's the next heire of *Naples*?

*Seb.* *Claribell.*

*Ant.* She that is Queene of *Tunis*: she that dwels 240  
Ten leagues beyond mans life: she that from *Naples*  
Can haue no note, vnlesse the Sun were poft,  
(The Man i'th Moone's too slow,) till new-borne chinnes  
Be rough, and Razor-able: She that . . . from whom 244  
We all were sea-fwallow'd, though some cast againe,  
(And by that destiny,) to performe an act  
Whereof, what's past is Prologue; what to come,  
In yours, and my, discharge.

*Seb.* What stufte is this! How say you?  
'Tis true my brothers daughter's Queene of *Tunis*; 249  
So is the heyre of *Naples*; 'twixt which Regions  
There is some fpace.

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<sup>1</sup> *throwes* = throes.

# The Tempest.

<i>Ant.</i>	A space, whose eu'ry cubit Seemes to cry out, 'How shall that <i>Claribell</i> Measure vs backe to <i>Naples</i> ? keepe in <i>Tunis</i> , And let <i>Sebastian</i> wake!' Say, this were death That now hath seiz'd them; why, they were no worfe Then now they are! There be, that can rule <i>Naples</i> As well as he that sleepest; Lords, that can prate As amply, and vnnecessarily, As this <i>Gonzallo</i> : I my selfe could make A Chough of as deepe chat. O, that you bore The minde that I do! what a sleepe were this For your aduancement! Do you vnderstand me?	252
<i>Seb.</i>	Me thinkes I do.	256
<i>Ant.</i>	And how do's your content Tender your owne good fortune?	260
<i>Seb.</i>	I remember You did supplant your Brother <i>Prospero</i> .	264
<i>Ant.</i>	True! And looke how well my Garments fit vpon me! Much feater then before! My Brothers seruants Were then my fellowes; now they are my men.	268
<i>Seb.</i>	But, for your conscience, . . .	
<i>Ant.</i>	I, Sir! where lies that? If 'twere a kybe, 'Twould put me to my slipper: But I feele not This Deity in my bosome. 'Twentie consciences That stand 'twixt me and <i>Millaine</i> , candied be they, And melt, ere they mollefe! Heere lies your Brother, No better then the earth he lies vpon! If he were that which now hee's like, (that's dead,) Whom I, with this obedient steele, (three inches of it,) Can lay to bed for euer; whiles you, doing thus, [ <i>Feigns to</i> To the perpetuall winke, for aye might put <i>strike</i> , This ancient inorfell, this Sir <i>Prudence</i> , [ <i>Points to GONZ.</i> ] who Should not vpbraide our course. For all the rest, They'l take suggestion, as a Cat laps milke; They'l tell the clocke, to any businesse that We say befits the houre.	272
<i>Seb.</i>	Thy case, deere Friend,	284

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265. *Brother*] Brothet F.

## *The Tempest.*

Shall be my president : As thou got'st *Millaine*,  
I'll come by *Naples* ! Draw thy sword ! one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou paieſt ;  
And I the King ſhall loue thee.

*Ant.* Draw together ! 288  
And when I reare my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

*Seb.* O, but one word ! [*They talke apart.*]

*Re-enter ARIELL, inuiſible, with Muſicke and Song.*

*Ariel.* My Maſter (through his Art) foreſees the danger  
That you (his friend) are in ; and fendſ me forth 293  
(For elſe his proiect dies) to keepe them living.

[*Sings in GONZALOES eare.*]

*While you here do ſnoaring lie,  
Open-ey'd Conſpiracie* 296

*His time doth take.*

*If of Life you keepe a care,*

*Shake off ſlumber and beware !*

*Awake, awake !* 300

*Ant.* [to *SEB.*] Then let vs both be ſodaine ! [*They draw.*]

*Gon.* [*waking*] Now, good Angels preferue the King !

[*Shakes ALONZ. & calls. The others wake.*]

*Alo.* Why, how now ? hoa ! awake ? why are you drawn ?  
Wherefore this haſtily looking ?

*Gon.* What's the matter ? 304

*Seb.* Whiles we ſtood here, ſecuring your repoſe,  
(Euen now) we heard a hollow burſt of bellowing,  
Like Bulls, or rather Lyons : did't not wake you ?  
It ſtrooke mine eare moſt terribly.

*Alo.* I heard nothing. 308

*Ant.* O ! 'twas a din to fright a Monſters eare !  
To make an earthquake ! ſure, it was the roare  
Of a whole heard of Lyons !

*Alo.* Heard you this, *Gonzalo* ?

*Gon.* Vpon mine honour, Sir, I heard a humming, 312  
(And that a ſtrange one too,) which did awake me :  
I ſhak'd you, Sir, and cride : as mine eyes open'd,

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291. *They talke apart. Re-enter . . inuiſible*] Enter *Ariell F.*  
II. i. 285-314.] 28



## *The Tempest.*

I saw their weapons drawne : there was a noyse,  
That's verily. 'Tis best we stand vpon our guard, 316  
Or that we quit this place. Let's draw our weapons ! [*Draws.*

*Alo.* Lead off this ground, & let's make further search  
For my poore sonne !

*Gon.* Heauens keepe him from these Beasts ! 320  
For he is sure i'th Island.

*Alo.* Lead away ! [*Exeunt.*

*Ariell.* *Prospero* (my Lord,) shall know what I haue done.  
So (King) goe safely on to seeke thy Son ! [*Exit.* 323

### *Actus Secundus. Scœna Secunda.*

#### *Near PROSPEROES Cell.*

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burthen of Wood. (A noyse of  
Thunder heard.)*

*Cal.* All the infections that the Sunne suckes vp 1  
From Bogs, Fens, Flats, on *Prosper* fall ! and make him,  
By ynn-meale, a diseafe ! His Spirits heare me,  
And yet I needes muft curse. But they'll nor pinch, 4  
Fright me with Vrchyn-fliewes, pitch me i'th mire,  
Nor leade me (like a fire-brand) in the darke  
Out of my way, vnlesse he bid 'em. But  
For euery trifle, are they set vpon me ; 8  
Sometime like Apes, that moe and chatter at me,  
And after bite me ; then like Hedg-hogs, which  
Lye tumbling in my bare-foote way, and mount  
Their pricks at my foot-fall : sometime am I 12  
All wound with Adders, who with clouen tongues  
Doe hisse me into madnesse . . .

*Enter TRINCULO.*

Lo, now, Lo !  
Here comes a Spirit of his ; and to torment me  
For bringing wood in slowly ! I'le fall flat ; 16  
Perchance he will not minde me. [*falls flat.*

*Tri.* Here's neither bush, nor shrub, to beare off any  
weather at all ; and another Storme brewing ; I heare it sing

321. *Exeunt* is after l. 323 in F.

## *The Tempest.*

ith' winde. Yond same blacke cloud, yond huge one, [20  
lookes like a foule bumbard that would shed his licquor. If  
it should thunder, as it did before, I know not where to hide  
my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by paile-  
fuls. [*Sees CALIBAN.*] What haue we here? a man, or a [24  
fish? dead or aliuie? A fish! hee smels like a fish! a very  
ancient and fish-like smell: a kinde of, not of the newest  
Poore-Iohn! A strange fish! Were I in *England* now, (as  
once I was,) and had but this fish painted; not a holiday- [28  
foole there but would giue a peece of siluer! There, would  
this Monster, make a man! Any strange beaft there, makes a  
man! When they will not giue a doit to relieue a lame Begger,  
they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*! Leg'd like a [32  
man! and his Finnes like Armes! Warme, o'my troth! I  
doe now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer; This is no  
fish, but an Islander, that hath lately suffered by a Thunder-  
bolt! [*Lightning, thunder & rain.*] Alas, the storme is [36  
come againe! my best way is to creepe vnder his Gaberdine;  
there is no shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with  
strange bedfellowes. I will here throwd, till the dregges of  
the storme be past. [*Creeps under CALIBANS gaberdine.* 40

*Enter STEPHANO singing, & holding a barke Bottle  
of Sacke.*

*Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
Here shall I dye ashore. . .*

This is a very scuruy tune to sing at a mans Funerall: well,  
here's my comfort! [*Drinkes.*

[*Sings.*] *The Master, the Swabber, the Boate-swaine & I,* 45  
*The Gunner, and his Mate,*  
*Lou'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margerie,*  
*But none of vs car'd for Kate.* 48  
*For she had a tongue with a tang,*  
*Would cry to a Sailor 'goe hang!'* 50  
*She lou'd not the sauour of Tar nor of Pitch;*  
*Yet a Tailor might scratch her where ere she did itch.*  
*Then, to Sea, Boyes! and let her goe hang!* 53

This is a scuruy tune too: But here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*  
*Cal. Doe not torment me! oh!*

## *The Tempest.*

*Ste.* What's the matter? Haue we diuels here? Doe you put trickes vpon's, with Saluages, and Men of *Inde*? [57  
Ha! I haue not scap'd drowning, to be afeard now of your foure legges; for it hath bin said, 'As proper a man as euer went on foure legs, cannot make him giue ground;' and it shall be said so againe, while *Stephano* breathes at' nostrils. 61

*Cal.* The Spirit torments me! oh!

*Ste.* This is some Monster of the Isle, with foure legs, who hath got (as I take it) an Ague. Where the diuell should he learne our language? I will giue him some reliefe, if [65  
it be but for that: if I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a Present for any Emperour that euer trod on Neates-leather!

*Cal.* Doe not torment me, 'prethee! I'll bring my wood home faster. 70

*Ste.* He's in his fit now; and doe's not talke after the wifest. Hee shall taste of my Bottle: if hee haue neuer drunke wine afore, it will goe neere to remoue his Fit. If I can recouer him, and keepe him tame, I will not take too much for him; hee shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly! 76

*Cal.* Thou do'st me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon; I know it by thy trembling. Now *Prosper* workes vpon thee!

*Ste.* Come on your wayes! open your mouth! here is that which will giue language to you, Cat! Open your mouth! [*Giues him wine.*] This will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly! you cannot tell who's your friend. Open your chaps againe! [*Giues him more wine.* 83

*Tri.* I should know that voyce: It should be . . . But hee is dround! and these are diuels: O defend me! 85

*Ste.* Foure legges and two voyces! a most delicate Monster! his forward voyce, now, is to speake well of his friend; his backward voyce, is to vtter foule speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recouer him, I will helpe his Ague. Come! [*Giues CAL. drink; then drinks himselfe.*] Amen! I will poure some in thy other mouth. 91

*Tri.* *Stephano*!

*Ste.* Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a diuell, and no Monster! I will leaue him! I haue no long Spoon! 95

## The Tempest.

*Tri.* *Stephano!* if thou bee'st *Stephano*, touch me, and speake to me! for I am *Trinculo*; (be not afeard,) thy good friend *Trinculo*! 98

*Ste.* If thou bee'st *Trinculo*, come foorth! I'll pull thee by the lesser legges: if any be *Trinculo's* legges, these are they. [*Pulls him out.*] Thou art very *Trinculo* indeede! how can'st thou to be the siege of this Moone-calfe? Can he vent *Trinculo's*? 103

*Tri.* I tooke him to be kil'd with a thunder-strok. But art thou not dround, *Stephano*? I hope, now, thou art not dround! Is the Storme ouer-blowne? I hid mee vnder the dead Moone-Calfes Gaberdine, for feare of the Storme. And art thou liuing, *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitanes* escap'd! [*Whirls STEPH. round.*] 109

*Ste.* 'Prethee doe not turne me about; my stomacke is not constant!

*Cal.* [*aside.*] These be fine things, and if they be not sprights! That's a braue God, and beares Celestiall liquor! I will kneele to him. 114

*Ste.* [*to TRINC.*] How did'st thou scape? How can'st thou hither? Swear, by this Bottle how thou can'st hither! I escap'd vpon a But of Sacke, which the Saylor heaued o're-board, by this Bottle! which I made of the barke of a Tree, with mine owne hands, since I was cast a'shore. 119

(*Cal.* I'll sweare, vpon that Bottle, to be thy true subiect; for the liquor is not earthly!)

*St.* [*to TRINC.*] Heere! sweare, then, how thou escap'd'st.

*Tri.* Swom ashore (man,) like a Ducke! I can swim like a Ducke, i'll be sworne! 124

*Ste.* Here, kisse the Booke! [*giues TRIN. drink.*] Though thou canst swim like a Ducke, thou art made like a Goose!

*Tri.* O *Stephano*! ha'st any more of this? 127

*Ste.* The whole But (man!) My Cellar is in a rocke by th'sea-side, where my Wine is hid. ¶ How now, Moone-Calfe! how do's thine Ague?

*Cal.* Ha'st thou not dropt from heauen? 131

*Ste.* Out o'th Moone, I doe assure thee! I was the Man ith' Moone, when time was.

*Cal.* I haue seene thee in her; and I doe adore thee! My Mistis shew'd me thee, and thy Dog, and thy Bush. 135



## *The Tempest.*

*Ste.* Come, sweare to that! kisse the Booke! I will furnishe it anon with new Contents: Sweare! [*giues CAL. drink.*]

*Tri.* By this good light, this is a very shallow Monster! I, afeard of him! a very weake Monster! 'The Man ith' Moone'! A most poore creadulous Monster!—Well drawne, Monster, in good sooth! 141

*Cal.* Ile shew thee euery fertill ynych 'oth Island;  
And I will kisse thy foote: I prethee, be my god!

*Tri.* By this light, a most perfidious, and drunken Monster! When's god's a sleepe, he'll rob his Bottle. 145

*Cal.* Ile kisse thy foot. Ile sweare my selfe thy Subiect!

*Ste.* Come on then! downe, and sweare! [*CAL. kneels.*]

*Tri.* I shall laugh my selfe to death at this puppi-headed Monster. A most scuruie Monster! I could finde in my heart to beate him . . . . 150

*Ste.* Come, kisse! [*CAL. kisses STE'S foot.*]

*Tri.* But that the poore Monster's in drinke! An abhominable Monster! 153

*Cal.* I'le shew thee the best Springs! I'le plucke thee Berries!

I'le fish for thee, and get thee wood enough!

A plague vpon the Tyrant that I serue!

I'le beare him no more Stickses, but follow thee, 157  
Thou wondrous man!

*Tri.* A most ridiculous Monster! to make a wonder of a poore drunkard!

*Cal.* I 'prethee let me bring thee where Crabs grow; 161  
And I (with my long nayles) will digge thee pig-nuts;  
Show thee a Iayes nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble Marmazet. I'le bring thee  
To clustring Philbirts; and sometimes I'le get thee 165  
Young Scamels from the Rocke. Wilt thou goe with me?

*Ste.* I pre'thee now, lead the way without any more talking! ¶ *Trinculo!* the King, and all our company else being dround, wee will inherit here. ¶ Heere, beare my Bottle! ¶ Fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by againe. 170

*CALIBAN Sings drunkenly.] Farewell, Master! farewell, farewell!*

*Tri.* A howling Monster! a drunken Monster!



## *The Tempest.*

Cal. *No more dams I'll make for fish,  
Nor fetch in firing,  
At requiring,* 175  
*Nor scrape trenchering,  
Nor wash dish!* 177  
*Ban', ban', Ca . . calyban,  
Has a new Master. Get a new Man!* 179

Freedome, high-day! high-day, freedome! freedome! high-day, freedome!

Ste. O braue Monster! lead the way! [Exeunt. 182

*Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.*

*Near PROSPEROES Cell.*

*Enter FERDINAND (bearing a Log.)*

Fer. There be some Sports are painfull; & their labor, 1  
Delight in them sets off: Some kindes of basenesse  
Are nobly vndergon; and most poore matters  
Point to rich ends. This, my meane Taske, 4  
Would be as heauy to me, as odious, but  
The Mistris which I serue, quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours, pleasures! O, She is  
Ten times more gentle, then her Father's crabbed! 8  
And he's compos'd of harshnesse. I must remoue  
Some thousands of these Logs, and pile them vp,  
Vpon a fore iniunction. My sweet Mistris  
Weepes when she sees me worke, & saies, 'such basenes 12  
Had neuer like Executor.' I forget!  
But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,  
Most busieleft when I doe it.

*Enter MIRANDA: and PROSPERO, behind, vnseene.*

Mir. Alas, now! pray you,  
Worke not so hard! I would the lightning had 16  
Burnt vp those Logs that you are enioynd to pile!

---

2. sets] Rowe. set F. | busieliest Bullock conj. (it = 'em,  
15. busielest] busie lest, F. | labours.)  
II. ii. 173-182; III. i. 1-17.] 34

## *The Tempest.*

Pray set it downe, and rest you! when this burnes,  
'Twill weepe for hauing wearied you. My Father  
Is hard at study; pray now, rest your selfe! 20  
Hee's safe for these three houres.

*Fer.* O most deere Mistris!  
The Sun will set, before I shall discharge  
What I must striue to do.

*Mir.* If you'l sit downe,  
Ile beare your Logges the while. Pray giue me that! 24  
Ile carry it to the pile.

*Fer.* No, precious Creature!  
I had rather cracke my finewes, breake my backe,  
Then you should such dishonor vndergoe,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mir.* It would become me 28  
As well as it do's you; and I should do it  
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

(*Pro.* Poore worme, thou art infected!  
This visitation shewes it.)

*Mir.* You looke wearily. 32

*Fer.* No, noble Mistris! 'tis fresh morning with me  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you  
(Cheefely, that I might set it in my prayers,) 36  
What is your name?

*Mir. Miranda.* [*Aside*] O my Father,  
I haue broke your heft to say so!

*Fer.* Admir'd *Miranda*!  
Indeede the top of Admiration! worth  
What's deereft to the world! Full many a Lady 40  
I haue ey'd with best regard; and many a time,  
Th'harmony of their tongues, hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent eare: for feuerall vertues  
Haue I lik'd feuerall women; neuer any 44  
VVith so full foule, but some defect in her  
Did quarrell with the noblest grace she ow'd,  
And put it to the foile. But you! O you,  
So perfect, and so peerlesse! are created 48

---

48. *peerlesse*] F2. peetlesse F.

## *The Tempest.*

Of euerie Creatures best !

*Mir.* I do not know  
One of my sexe ; no womans face remember,  
Saue from my glasse, mine owne ; Nor haue I seene  
More that I may call men, then you, good friend, 52  
And my deere Father. How features are abroad,  
I am skilleffe of ; but, by my modestie,  
(The iewell in my dower,) I would not wish  
Any Companion in the world but you : 56  
Nor can imagination forme a shape  
Besides your selfe, to like of ! But I prattle  
Something too wildely ; and my Fathers precepts  
I therein do forget.

*Fer.* I am, in my condition, 60  
A Prince (*Miranda*) ; I do thinke, a King :  
(I would not so !) and would no more endure  
This wodden slauerie, then to suffer  
The flesh-flie blow my mouth. Heare my soule speake ! 64  
The verie instant that I saw you, did  
My heart flie to your seruice ; there resides,  
To make me slaue to it ; and for your sake,  
Am I this patient Logge-man.

*Mir.* Do you loue me ? 68  
*Fer.* O heauen ! O earth ! beare witnes to this found,  
And crowne what I professe, with kinde euent,  
If I speake true ! if hollowly, inuert  
VVhat best is boaded me, to mischiefe ! I 72  
(Beyond all limit of what else i'th world)  
Do loue, prize, honor you !

*Mir.* I am a foole  
To weepe at what I am glad of.  
(*Pro.* Faire encounter  
Of two most rare affections ! Heauens raine grace 76  
On that which breeds betweene 'em !)

*Fer.* VVherefore weepe you ?  
*Mir.* At mine vnworthinesse, that dare not offer  
VVhat I desire to giue ; and much lesse take  
VVhat I shall die to want : But this is trifling ! 80  
And all the more it seekes to hide it selfe,  
The bigger bulke it shewes. Hence, bashfull Cunning !

## *The Tempest.*

And prompt me, plaine and holy Innocence !  
 I am your wife, if you will marrie me ; 84  
 If not, Ile die your maid : to be your fellow,  
 You may denie me ; but Ile be your seruant,  
 VVhether you will or no.  
*Fer.* My Miftris (deereft !)  
 And I, thus humble euer. [*Kneels to her.*  
*Mir.* My husband, then ? 88  
*Fer.* I ! with a heart as willing  
 As bondage ere of freedome : heere's my hand !  
*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't ! and now, farewel 91  
 Till halfe an houre hence !  
*Fer.* A thoufand, thoufand ! [*Exeunt.*  
*Pro.* So glad of this as they, I cannot be,  
 VVho are furpriz'd with all ; but my reioycing,  
 At nothing can be more. Ile to my booke ; 95  
 For yet, ere fupper time, muft I performe  
 Much bufineffe appertaining. [*Exit.*

### *Actus Tertius. Sœena Secunda.*

*Near STEPHANOE'S Rocke-Cellar, by th' Sea-side.*

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO.*

*Ste.* Tell not me ! When the But is out, we will drinke  
 water ; not a drop before ! Therefore beare vp, & boord 'em.  
 ¶ Seruant Monfter, drinke to me ! 3  
*Trin.* 'Seruant Monfter' ! the folly of this Iland ! they  
 fay there's but fiue vpon this Ifle ; we are three of them ; if  
 th'other two be brain'd like vs, the State totters ! 6  
*Ste.* Drinke, feruant Monfter, when I bid thee ! thy eies  
 are almoft fet in thy head.  
*Trin.* VVhere fhould they bee fet elfe ? hee were a braue  
 Monfter indeede, if they were fet in his taile ! 10  
*Ste.* My man-Monfter hath drown'd his tongue in facke !  
 For my part, the Sea cannot drowne mee ; I fwam (ere I  
 could recouer the fhore,) fiue and thirtie Leagues off and on.  
 ¶ By this light, thou fhalt bee my Lieutenant, (Monfter,) or  
 my Standard !<sup>1</sup> 15

<sup>1</sup> Ensign, Ancient, Standard-bearer.

## *The Tempest.*

*Trin.* Your 'Lieutenant', if you list; hee's no 'standard'!  
*Ste.* VVeel not run, Monsieur Monster!

*Trin.* Nor go,<sup>1</sup> neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither. 19

*Ste.* Moone-calf! speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good Moone-calf.

*Cal.* How does thy honour? Let me licke thy shoee! He not ferue him; he is not valiant. 23

*Trin.* Thou lieft, most ignorant Monster! I am in case to ruffle a Constable. Why, thou debosh'd Fish, thou! was there euer man a Coward, that hath drunk so much Sacke as I to day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but halfe a Fish, and halfe a Monster? 28

*Cal.* Loe, how he mockes me! Wilt thou let him, my Lord?

*Trin.* 'Lord', quoth he! that a Monster should be such a Naturall! 32

*Cal.* Loe, loe, againe! bite him to death, I prethee!

*Ste.* *Trinculo*, keepe a good tongue in your head! If you proue a mutineere; the next Tree! The poore Monster's my subiect; and he shall not suffer indignity. 36

*Cal.* I thanke my noble Lord! Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once againe to the suite I made to thee?

*Ste.* Marry, will I: kneele, and repeate it! I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*. 40

*Enter ARIELL, inuisible.*

*Cal.* [*kneeling*] As I told thee before, I am subiect to a Tirant, a Sorcerer, that (by his cunning) hath cheated me of the Island.

*Ariell.* Thou lyest!

*Cal.* Thou lyest, thou iesting Monkey, thou! 44  
I would my valiant Master would destroy thee!  
I do not lye!

*Ste.* *Trinculo*, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth. 48

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Ste.* Mum then, and no more! ¶ Proceed!

*Cal.* I say, by Sorcery he got this Isle:

---

<sup>1</sup> go = walk.



*The Tempest.*

From me, he got it. If thy Greatnesse will 52  
Reuenge it on him, (for I know thou dar'st,  
But this Thing [*points to TRINC.*] dare not,) . . .

*Ste.* That's most certaine!

*Cal.* Thou shalt be Lord of it, and Ile serue thee. 56

*Ste.* How now shall this be compast? Canst thou bring  
me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my Lord! Ile yeeld him thee asleepe,  
Where thou maist knocke a naile into his head. 60

*Ariell.* Thou liest, thou canst not!

*Cal.* [*points to TRINC.*] What a py'de Ninnie's this!

Thou scuruy patch!

[*To STEPH.*] I do beseech thy Greatnesse, giue him blowes,  
And take his bottle from him! When that's gone, 64

He shall drinke nought but brine; for Ile not thew him

Where the quicke Freshes are.

*Ste. Trinculo!* run into no further danger! Interrupt the  
Monster one word further, and, by this hand, Ile turne my  
mercie out o'doores, and make a Stockfish of thee! 69

*Trin.* Why! what did I? I did nothing! Ile go farther off.

*Ste.* Didst thou not say he lyed?

*Ariell.* Thou liest! 72

*Ste.* Do I so? Take thou that! [*Strikes TRINC.*] As you  
like this, giue me the lye another time! 74

*Trin.* I did not giue the lie! Out o'your wittes, and  
hearing too? A pox o'your bottle! this, can Sacke and  
drinking doo! A murren on your Monster, and the diuell  
take your fingers! 78

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ste.* Now forward with your Tale! ¶ Prethee, stand further  
off!

*Cal.* Beate him enough! after a little time  
Ile beate him too.

*Ste.* Stand farther! ¶ Come, proceede! 83

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custome with him,  
I'th afternoone to sleepe: there thou maist braine him,  
(Hauing first seiz'd his bookes;) Or, with a logge,  
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, 87  
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember  
First to possesse his Bookes; for without them,

## *The Tempest.*

Hee's but a Sot, as I am; nor hath not  
 One Spirit to command: they all do hate him 91  
 As rootedly as I! Burne but his Bookes!  
 He ha's braue 'Vtenfils,' (for so he calles them,)  
 Which, when he ha's a house, hee'l decke withall.  
 And that most deeply to consider, is 95  
 The beautie of his daughter: he himselfe  
 Cals her a 'non-pareill': I neuer saw a woman,  
 But onely *Sycorax* my Dam, and she;  
 But she as farre surpasseth *Sycorax*, 99  
 As great't do's leaft.

*Ste.* Is it so braue a Lasse?

*Cal.* I, Lord! she will become thy bed, I warrant!  
 And bring thee forth braue brood. 102

*Ste.* Monster! I will kill this man! his daughter and I  
 will be King and Queene! (saue our Graces!) and *Trinculo*  
 and thy selfe shall be Vice-royes. ¶ Dost thou like the plot,  
*Trinculo*? 106

*Trin.* Excellent!

*Ste.* Giue me thy hand! I am sorry I beate thee; but,  
 while thou liu'ft, keepe a good tongue in thy head!

*Cal.* Within this halfe houre will he be asleepe: 110  
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Ste.* I, on mine honour!

(*Ariell.* This, will I tell my Master.)

*Cal.* [*rises*] Thou mak'ft me merry! I am full of pleasure!  
 Let vs be iocund! Will you trouble the Catch 114  
 You taught me but whileare?

*Ste.* At thy request, Monster, I will do reason; any reason.  
 Come on, *Trinculo*! let vs sing! 117

*Sings.*

*Flout'em, and cout'em! and skowt'em, and flout'em!*  
*Thought is free.*

*Cal.* That's not the tune!

[*ARIELL plaies the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

*Ste.* What is this same? 121

*Trin.* This is the tune of our Catch, plaid by 'the picture  
 of No-body.'

III. ii. 90-123.]

## *The Tempest.*

*Ste.* If thou bee'st a man, shew thy selfe in thy likenes!  
If thou bee'st a diuell, take't as thou list! 125

*Trin.* O, forgiue me my finnes!

*Ste.* He that dies, payes all debts: I defie thee! Mercy  
vpon vs!

*Cal.* Art thou affeard? 129

*Ste.* No, Monfter! not I!

*Cal.* Be not affeard! the Isle is full of noyfes,  
Sounds, and sweet aires, that giue delight, and hurt not:  
Sometimes a thousand twangling Instruments 133  
Will hum about mine eares; and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleepe,  
Will make me sleepe againe; and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds (methought) would open, and shew riches 137  
Ready to drop vpon me; that, when I wak'd,  
I cri'de to dreame againe.

*Ste.* This will proue a braue kingdome to me, where I  
shall haue my Musicke for nothing. 141

*Cal.* When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

*Ste.* That shall be by and by: I remember the storie.

*Trin.* The found is going away;

Lets follow it; and after, do our worke! 145

*Ste.* Leade, Monfter! Wee'l follow! I would I could  
see this Taborer! He layes it on.

*Trin.* [to *CAL.*] Wilt come? ¶ Ile follow, *Stephano*!

[*Exeunt; the music playing before them.*]

### *Actus Tertius. Scena Tertia.*

*Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTHONIO, GONZALLO, ADRIAN,*  
*FRANCISCO, &c.*

*Gon.* By'r lakin, I can goe no further, Sir; 1  
My old bones akes! here's a maze trod indeede  
Through fourth<sup>1</sup>-rights, & Meanders! By your patience,  
I needes must rest me.

*Al.* Old Lord! I cannot blame thee, 4  
Who am my selfe attach'd with wearineffe,  
To th'dulling of my spirits. Sit downe, and rest!

---

<sup>1</sup> *fourth* = forth.

## The Tempest.

Euen here I will put off my hope, and keepe it  
 No longer for my Flatterer: He is droun'd 8  
 Whom thus we stray to finde, and the Sea mocks  
 Our frustrate search on land. Well! let him goe! [hope:  
*Ant.* [*aside to SEB.*] I am right glad, that he's so out of  
 Doe not (for one repulse) forgoe the purpose 12  
 That you resolu'd t'effect!  
*Seb.* [*aside to ANT.*] The next aduantage  
 Will we take throughly.  
*Ant.* [*aside to SEB.*] Let it be to night!  
 For now they are oppress'd with trauaile, they  
 Will not, nor cannot vse such vigilance 16  
 As when they are fresh.  
*Seb.* [*aside to ANT.*] I say, to night! no more!

*Solemne and strange Musicke: and PROSPER on the top (in-  
 uisible:) Enter seuerall strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet;  
 and dance about it with gentle actions of salutations; and,  
 inuiting the King, &c. to eate, they depart.*

*Al.* What harmony is this? my good friends, harke!  
*Gon.* Maruellous sweet Musicke!  
*Alo.* Giue vs kind keepers, heauens! what were these? 20  
*Seb.* A liuing Drolerie! Now I will beleeeue  
 That there are Vnicornes; that in *Arabia*  
 There is one Tree, the Phœnix throne; one Phœnix  
 At this houre reigning there.  
*Ant.* Ile beleeeue both! 24  
 And what do's else want credit, come to me,  
 And Ile be sworne 'tis true! Trauellers nere did lye,  
 Though fooles at home condemne 'em.  
*Gon.* If in *Naples*  
 I should report this now, would they beleeeue me? 28  
 If I should say I saw such Islanders,  
 (For certes, these are people of the Island,)  
 Who, though they are of monstros shape, yet, note,  
 Their manners are more gentle, kinde, then of 32  
 Our humane generation you shall finde  
 Many, nay almost any.

---

29. *Islanders*] F2. Islands F. (But E.E. 'prisons' often means  
 'prisoners.')

17-18. The stage-direction follows 'fresh' in F1.



# The Tempest.

(*Pro.* [*aside*]                      Honest Lord,  
Thou hast said well! for some of you there present,  
Are worse then duels.)

*Al.*                                      I cannot too much mule                      36  
Such shapés, such gesture, and such sound, expressing  
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kinde  
Of excellent dumbe discourse.

(*Pro.*                                      'Praise in departing'!<sup>1</sup>)

*Fr.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Seb.*                                      No matter, since                      40  
They haue left their Viands behinde; for wee haue stomacks.  
¶ Wilt please you taste of what is here?

*Alo.*                                      Not I!

*Gon.* Faith, Sir, you neede not feare! When wee were Boyes,  
Who would beleue that there were Mountayneeres,                      44  
Dew-lapt like Bulls, whose throats had hanging at'em  
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we finde  
Each putter out of fiew for one,<sup>2</sup> will bring vs                      48  
Good warrant of.

*Al.*                                      I will stand to, and feede,  
Although my last.      No matter, since I feele  
The best is past.<sup>3</sup> ¶ Brother! my Lord, the Duke!  
Stand to, and doe as we!                      52

*Thunder and Lightning.* Enter *ARIELL* (like a Harpey); *claps*  
*his wings vpon the Table, and, with a queint deuice, the*  
*Banquet vanishes.*

*Ar.* [*to AL., SEB., ANT.*] You are three men of sinne,  
whom Destiny,  
(That hath, to instrument, this lower world,  
And what is in't,) the neuer forfeited Sea,  
Hath caus'd to belch vp you; and on this Island,                      56  
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men,  
Being most vnfit to liue: I haue made you mad;  
And euen with such like valour, men hang, and drowne

<sup>1</sup> Praise when all's ended!

<sup>2</sup> At the rate of 5 for 1.

<sup>3</sup> The couplet-rhymes, as well as  
the pauses, run-on into the centre

of the line. Cp. I. i. 51-2; IV. i.

123-4.

52. *to*] too F.

52-3. *queint*] quient F.



## *The Tempest.*

Their proper felues., [ALON., SEB., ANT. draw *their Swords*]

You fooles ! I and my fellowes 60

Are minifters of Fate. The Elements

Of whom your fwords are temper'd, may as well

Wound the loud windes, or, with bemockt-at-Stabs,

Kill the ftill-clofing waters, as diminifh 64

One dowe<sup>1</sup> that's in my plume: My fellow minifters

Are like-invulnerable. If you could hurt,

Your fwords are now too maffie for your ftrengths,

And will not be vplifted. [ALON., SEB., ANT. droop *their*

*Swords.*] But remember, 68

(For that's my bufineffe to you,) that you three

From *Millaine* did fupplant good *Prospero*,

Expos'd vnto the Sea (which hath requit it)

Him, and his innocent childe: for which foule deed, 72

The Powres, delaying, (not forgetting,) haue

Incens'd the Seas and Shores, yea, all the Creatures,

Againft your peace: ¶ Thee, of thy Sonne, *Alonso*,

They haue bereft; and doe pronounce by me, 76

'Lingring perdition (worfe then any death

'Can be at once) fhall, ftep by ftep, attend

'You, and your wayes; whofe wraths to guard you from,

'(Which here, in this moft defolate Ifle, elfe fals 80

'Vpon your heads,) is nothing but hearts-forrow,

'And a cleere life enfuing.'

*He vanifhes in Thunder: then, (to foft Muficke,) Enter the  
Shapes againe, and daunce (with mockes and mowes), and  
carrying out the Table.*

(*Pro.* Brauely, the figure of this *Harpie*, haft thou

Perform'd, my *Ariell* ! a grace it had, deuouring: 84

Of my Inftitution, haft thou nothing bated

In what thou had'ft to fay: fo, with good life,

And obferuation ftrange, my meaner minifters 87

Their feuerall kindes haue done. My high charmes work;

And thefe (mine enemies) are all knit vp

In their diftractions: they now are in my powre;

And in thefe fits, I leaue them, while I vifit

<sup>1</sup> dowe = downy feather.

65. plume] Rowe. plumbe F.

## *The Tempest.*

Yong *Ferdinand*, (whom they suppose is droun'd,) 92  
And his, and mine, lou'd darling.) [*Exit from above.*]

*Gon.* [*to ALON.*] I'th name of something holy, Sir, why  
stand you  
In this strange stare ?

*Al.* O, it is monstrous ! monstrous !  
Me thought the billowes spoke, and told me of it ; 96  
The windes did sing it to me ; and the Thunder  
(That deepe and dreadfull Organ-Pipe) pronounc'd  
The name of *Prosper* : it did base<sup>1</sup> my Trespasse.  
Therefore my Sonne i'th Ooze is bedded ; and 100  
I'le seeke him deeper then ere plummet founded,  
And with him there lye mudded. [*Exit.*]

*Seb.* But one feend at a time,  
Ile fight their Legions ore !

*Ant.* Ile be thy Second !  
[*Exeunt* *SEB. & ANT.*]

*Gon.* All three of them are desperate : their great guilt 104  
(Like poyson giuen to worke a great time after)  
Now gins to bite the spirits. I doe beseech you,  
(That are of suppler ioynts,) follow them swiftly,  
And hinder them from what this extasie 108  
May now prouoke them to.

*Ad.* Follow, I pray you ! [*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Ætus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

*Near PROSPEROES Cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pro.* If I haue too aufterely punish'd you, 1  
Your compensation makes amends ; for I  
Haue giuen you here, a third of mine owne life,  
Or that for which I liue : who, once againe, 4  
I tender to thy hand. All thy vexations  
Were but my trials of thy loue, and thou  
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heauen,  
I ratifie this my rich giuft. O *Ferdinand* ! 8  
Doe not smile at me, that I boast her of,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *base* = speak with a deep bass voice.

<sup>2</sup> *of* = off.

## *The Tempest.*

For thou shalt finde she will out-strip all praise,  
And make it halt, behinde her.

*Fer.* I doe beleue it,  
Against an Oracle. 12

*Pro.* Then, as my guesst, and thine owne acquisition  
Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter! But  
If thou do'st breake her Virgin-knot, before  
All sanctimonious ceremonies may, 16  
With full and holy right, be ministred,  
No sweet asperision shall the heauens let fall  
To make this contract grow; but barraine hate,  
Sower-ey'd disdaine, and discord, shall bestrew 20  
The vnion of your bed, with weedes so loathly,  
That you shall hate it both! Therefore take heede,  
As *Hymens* Lamps shall light you!

*Fer.* As I hope  
For quiet dayes, faire Issue, and long life, 24  
With such loue as 'tis now,—the murkiest den,  
The most oppórtune place, the strongest suggestion  
Our worser *Genius* can, shall neuer melt  
Mine honor into lust, to take away 28  
The edge of that dayes celebration,  
When I shall thinke, or *Phœbus* Steeds are founderd,  
Or Night kept chain'd below.

*Pro.* Fairely spoke!  
Sit then, and talke with her! she is thine owne! 32  
[*FER. & MIR. talke apart.*  
(¶ What! *Ariell*! my industrious seruant *Ariell*!)

*Enter ARIELL.*

*Ar.* What would my potent master? here I am!

*Pro.* Thou, and thy meaner fellowes, your last seruice  
Did worthily performe; and I must vse you 36  
In such another tricke. Goe bring the rabble  
(Ore whom I giue thee powre) here, to this place!  
Incite them to quicke motion, for I must  
Bestow vpon the eyes of this yong couple 40  
Some vanity of mine Art: it is my promise,  
And they expect it from me.

*Ar.* Presently?

IV. i. 10-42.]

# The Tempest.

*Pro.* I! with a twincke!

*Ar.* Before you can say 'come, and goe,' 44  
And breathe twice, and cry, 'fo, fo':

Each one, tripping on his Toe,

Will be here with mop and mowe.

Doe you loue me, Master? no? 48

*Pro.* Dearely! my delicate *Ariell*! Doe not approach  
Till thou do'st heare me call.

*Ar.*

Well: I conceiue.) [*Exit.*

*Pro.* [*to FER.*] Looke thou be true! doe not giue dalliance  
Too much the raigne! the strongest oathes, are straw 52  
To th'fire ith' blood. Be more abstemious,  
Or else, good night your vow!

*Fer.*

I warrant you, Sir!

The white cold virgin Snow, vpon my heart,  
Abates the ardour of my Liuer.

*Pro.*

Well!

56

(¶ Now, come, my *Ariell*! bring a Corolary,<sup>1</sup>  
Rather then want a Spirit! Appear, & pertly!<sup>2</sup>) [*Soft musick.*

¶ No tongue! all eyes! be silent! 59

*Enter IRIS.*

*Ir.* *Ceres*, most bounteous Lady! thy rich Leas  
Of Wheate, Rye, Barley, Fetches, Oates and Pease; 61

Thy Turphie-Mountaines, (where liue nibling Sheepe,  
And flat Medes thetchd with Stouer, them to keepe;) 63

Thy bankes with pioned and twill'd brims,  
(Which spungie Aprill, at thy heft, betrimms, 65

To make cold Nymphes chaff crownes;) & thy broome-groues,  
(Whose shadow the dismiss'd Batchelor loues, 67

Being lasse-lorne;) thy pole-clipt vineyard;  
And thy Sea-marge stirrile, and rocky-hard, 69

Where thou thy selfe do'st ayre: the Queene o'th Skie  
(Whose watry Arch, and messenger, am I) 71

Bids thee leaue these; & with her soueraigne grace,  
Here on this grasse-plot, in this very place, 73

To come, and sport: Her Peacocks flye amaine:  
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertaine! 75

53. *abstemious*] abstemious F.  
1 *Corolary* = extra number.

2 *pertly* = openly.  
74. *her*] F2. here F.



## *The Tempest.*

*Re-enter ARIELL as CERES.*

*Cer.* Haile, many-coloured Messenger, that nere  
Do'st disobey the wife of *Iupiter*! 77  
Who, with thy saffron wings, vpon my flowres  
Diffusest hony drops, refreshing showres; 79  
And, with each end of thy blew bowe, do'st crowne  
My boskie acres, and my vnfrubd downe, 81  
Rich scarph to my proud earth: Why hath thy Queene  
Summond me hither, to this short gras'd Greene? 83

*Ir.* A contract of true Loue, to celebrate;  
And some donation, freely to estate 85  
On the bles'd Louers.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly Bowe,  
If *Venus* or her Sonne (as thou do'st know) 87  
Doe now attend the Queene! Since they did plot  
The meanes, that duskie *Dis*, my daughter got, 89  
Her, and her blind-Boyes scandall company,  
I haue forsworne.

*Ir.* Of her societie,  
Be not afraid! I met her deitie 92  
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*; and her Son  
Doue-drawn with her. Here thought they to haue done 94  
Some wanton charme, vpon this Man and Maide,  
Whose vowes are, 'that no bed-right shall be paid, 96  
Till *Hymens* Torch be lighted: but in vaine;  
*Marses* hot Minion is returnd againe; 98  
Her waspish-headed sonne, has broke his arrowes,  
Swears he will shoote no more, but play with Sparrows, 100  
And be a Boy right out.

*Cer.* Higheft Queene of State,  
Great *Iuno*, comes! I know her by her gate. 102

*IUNO descends.*

*Iu.* How do's my bounteous sifter? Goe with me  
To blesse this twaine, that they may prosperous be, 104  
And honour in their Issue! [They Sing.]

*Iu.* Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and encreasing, 107

---

102-3. *Iuno descends*] F. after 'grace', l. 72, p. 341.



## *The Tempest.*

- Hourelly ioyes, be still vpon you !*  
*Iuno sings her blessings on you.* 109
- Ceres.** *Earths increafe, foyxon plentie,*  
*Barnes and Garners, neuer empty,* 111  
*Vines, with clustring bunches growing,*  
*Plants, with goodly burthen bowing :* 113  
*Spring come to you at the farthest,*  
*In the very end of Haruest !* 115  
*Scarcity and want shall shun you,*  
*Ceres blessing so is on you.* 117
- Fer.* This is a most maiefticke vision, and  
 Harmonious charmingly ! May I be bold  
 To thinke these spirits ?
- Pro.* Spirits, which (by mine Art)  
 I haue, from their confines, call'd to enact 121  
 My present fancies.
- Fer.* Let me liue here euer !  
 So rare a wondred Father, and a wife,  
 Makes this place Paradiſe.
- [*IUNO and CERES whisper, and send IRIS on employment.*  
*Pro.* Sweet now, silence !  
*Iuno and Ceres whisper seriously ;* 125  
 There's something else to doe : hush, and be mute !  
 Or else our spell is mar'd.
- Re-enter IRIS.*
- Iris.* You Nymphs, cald *Nayades*, of y<sup>e</sup> windring brooks,  
 With your feg'd crownes, and euer-harmelesse lookes, 129  
 Leaue your crispe channels, and on this greene-Land  
 Answere your summons ! *Iuno* do's command ! 131  
 Come, temperate Nymphes, and helpe to celebrate  
 A Contract of true Loue ! be not too late ! 133
- Enter Certaine Nymphes.*
- ¶ You Sun-burn'd Sicklemen, of Auguft weary,  
 Come hether from the furrow, and be merry ! 135  
 Make holly-day ! your Rye-straw hats put on,

---

113. <i>with</i> ] wth F.		meant.
123. <i>wise</i> ] F. Some copies <i>wife</i> .		124. <i>Iuno</i> . . .] F, after l. 127.
Rowe, Cam. A ryme is evidently		

## *The Tempest.*

And these fresh Nimphs encounter, euery one, 137  
In Country footing!

*Enter certaine Reapers (properly habited :) they ioyne with the Nimphes, in a gracefull dance ; towards the end whereof, PROSPERO starts sodainly, and speakes ; after which, to a strange hollow and confused noyse, they heauily vanish.*

*Pro. [aside]* I had forgot that foule conspiracy  
Of the beast *Calliban*, and his confederates,  
Against my life ! the minute of their plot [more !  
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits*] Well done ! auoid ! no

*Fer.* This is strange ! your father's in some passion,  
That workes him strongly.

*Mir.* Neuer till this day  
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd ! 145

*Pro.* You doe looke (my son) in a mou'd fort,  
As if you were dismaid : Be cheerefull, Sir !

Our Reuels now are ended. These our actors  
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and 149

Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,  
And, like the baselesse fabricke of this vision,

The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,  
The solemne Temples, the great Globe it selfe, 153

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolue,  
And, (like this insubstantiall Pageant faded,) 157

Leaue not a racke behinde. We are such stufte  
As dreames are made on ; and our little life

Is rounded with a sleepe. Sir, I am vext :  
Beare with my weakenesse ! My old braine is troubled.

Be not disturb'd with my infirmitie !  
If you be pleas'd, retire into my Cell, 161

And there repose ! A turne or two, Ile walke,  
To fill my beating minde.

*Fer. Mir.* We with your peace !

*Pro.* ([*to ARI.*] Come with a thought !) [*To FER.*] I thank  
thee ! [*Exeunt FER. & MIR.*] ¶ *Ariell* ! Come ! 164

*Re-enter ARIELL.*

*Ar.* Thy thoughts I cleaue to. What's thy pleasure ?

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164. *Exeunt . . . Mir.*] Exit F (after l. 163).

## *The Tempest.*

*Pro.* Spirit!  
We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.  
*Ar.* I, my Commander! When I presented *Ceres*,  
I thought to haue told thee of it; but I fear'd 168  
Least I might anger thee.

*Pro.* Say again, where didst thou leaue these varlots?  
*Ar.* I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with drinking;  
So full of valour, that they smote the ayre 172  
For breathing in their faces; beate the ground  
For kissing of their feete; yet alwaies bending  
Towards their proiect. Then I beate my Tabor,  
At which (like vnback't colts) they prickt their eares, 176  
Aduanc'd their eye-lids, lifted vp their noses,  
As they smelt musicke; so I charm'd their eares,  
That, Calfe-like, they my lowing follow'd, through  
Tooth'd briars, sharpe firzes, pricking gosse, & thorns, 180  
Which entred their fraile skins: at last, I left them  
I'th' filthy mantled poole beyond your Cell,  
There dancing vp to th'chins, that the fowle Lake  
Ore-stunck their feet.

*Pro.* This was well done, my bird! 184  
Thy shape inuisible, retaine thou still!  
The trumpery in my house, goe bring it hither,  
For stale to catch these theeues!

*Ar.* I go, I goe! [*Erit.*  
*Pro.* A Deuill, a borne-Deuill! on whose nature, 188  
Nurture can neuer sticke! on whom my paines,  
(Humanely taken,) all, all lost, quite lost!  
And, as with age, his body ouglier growes,  
So his minde cankers. I will plague them all, 192  
Euen to roaring!

*Re-enter ARIELL, (loaden with glistering apparell, &c.)*

¶ Come, hang them on this line!

[*PROS. & AR. become inuisible.*

*Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.*

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blinde Mole may not  
heare a foot fall! we now are neere his Cell! 195

---

193. *them on*] on them F.

## *The Tempest.*

*St.* Monster! your Fairy, which you say is a harmles Fairy, has done little better then plaid the *Jacke*<sup>1</sup> with vs. 197

*Trin.* Monster! I do smell all horfe-pisse, at which, my nose is in great indignation. 199

*Ste.* So is mine! Do you heare, Monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, Looke you . . .

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost Monster.

*Cal.* Good my Lord, giue me thy fauour stil! 203  
Be patient! for the prize Ile bring thee to,  
Shall hudwinke this mischance: therefore speake softly!  
All's hushd as midnight, yet.

*Trin.* I, but to loose our bottles in the Poole! 207

*Ste.* There is not onely disgrace and dishonor in that, Monster, but an infinite losse!

*Tr.* That's more to me then my wetting: Yet this is your 'harmlesse Fairy,' Monster! 211

*Ste.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o're eares for my labour.

*Cal.* Pre-thee, (my King,) be quiet! Seest thou heere? This is the mouth o'th Cell: no noise, and enter! 215  
Do that good mischeefe, which may make this Island  
Thine owne for euer, and I, thy *Caliban*,  
For aye thy foot-licker! 218

*Ste.* Giue me thy hand! I do begin to haue bloody thoughts.

*Trin.* [*seeing the glistering Apparell.*] O King *Stephano*! O Peere!<sup>2</sup> O worthy *Stephano*! Looke what a wardrobe heere is for thee!

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou foole! it is but trash. 223

*Tri.* Oh, ho, Monster! wee know what belongs to a frippery.<sup>3</sup> O King *Stephano*! [*Takes the finest Gowne.*

*Ste.* Put off that gowne, *Trinculo*! By this hand, Ile haue that gowne! 227

*Tri.* Thy Grace shall haue it. [*Giues it him.*

*Cal.* The droppe drowne this foole! [*To STE.*] What doe you meane,

To doate thus on such luggage? Let's<sup>4</sup> alone,

<sup>1</sup> *Jacke* = Jack-a-lantern.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding to a verse of the old song, 'Take thy old cloak about thee,' which began, 'King Stefen

was a worthy peer.'

<sup>3</sup> *frippery*, old-clothes shop.

<sup>4</sup> *Let's* = Let's on.

## *The Tempest.*

And doe the murther first! If he awake, 231  
From toe to crowne hee'l fill our skins with pinches,  
Make vs strange stufte.

*Ste.* Be you quiet, Monfter! ¶ Miftris line! is not this my Ierkin? [*Pulls it off the line.*] Now is the Ierkin vnder the line! Now, Ierkin, you are like to lose your haire, & proue a bald Ierkin.

*Trin.* Doe, doe! we steale by lyne and leuell, and't like your grace.

*Ste.* I thank thee for that iest; heer's a garment for't! Wit shall not goe vn-rewarded while I am King of this [240 Country. 'Steale by line and leuell,' is an excellent passe of pate! There's another garment for't. [*Glues TRINC. another.*

*Tri.* Monfter! come put some Lime vpon your fingers, and away with the rest. 244

*Cal.* I will haue none on't! We shall loofe our time, And all be turn'd to Barnacles, or to Apes With foreheads villanous low. 247

*Ste.* Monfter, lay to your fingers! helpe to beare this away, where my hogthead of wine is, or Ile turne you out of my kingdome! goe to! carry this! 250

*Tri.* And this!

*Ste.* I, and this!

*A noyse of Hunters heard. Enter diuers Spirits, in shape of Dogs and Hounds, hunting them (STE., TRI., CAL.) about: PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

*Pro.* Hey, Mountaine! hey!

*Ari.* Siluer! there it goes, Siluer! 254

*Pro.* Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! harke, harke! [*STE., TRI., CAL. are hunted out.*

Goe, charge my Goblins that they grinde their ioynts With dry Convulsions, shorten vp their sinewes With ag'd Cramps; & more pinch-spotted make them, 258 Then Pard, or Cat o'Mountaine! [*Cries within.*

*Ari.* Harke! they rore.

*Pro.* Let them be hunted soundly! At this houre, Lies at my mercy all mine enemies. Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou 262 Shalt haue the ayre at freedome. For a little, Follow, and doe me seruice! [*Exeunt.*



## *The Tempest.*

*Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.*

*Before PROSPEROES Cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO (in his Magicke robes), and ARIEL.*

*Pro.* Now do's my Proiect gather to a head : 1  
My charmes cracke not; my Spirits obey; and Time  
Goes vpright with his carriage.<sup>1</sup> How's the day?

*Ar.* On the fixt hower; at which time, my Lord, 4  
You said our worke should cease.

*Pro.* I did say so,  
When first I rais'd *THE TEMPEST*. Say, my Spirit,  
How fares the King, and's followers?

*Ar.* Confin'd together,  
In the same fashion, as you gaue in charge, 8  
Iust as you left them; all prisoners, Sir,  
In the Line-groue which weather-fends your Cell :  
They cannot boudge till your releafe. The King,  
His Brother, and yours, abide all three distracted; 12  
And the remainder, mourning ouer them,  
Brim full of sorrow, and difmay; but chiefly  
Him that you term'd, Sir, 'the good old Lord *Gonzallo*;' 16  
His teares runs downe his beard, like winters drops  
From eaues of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Pro.* Dost thou thinke so, Spirit?

*Ar.* Mine would, Sir, were I humane.

*Pro.* And mine shall! 20  
Haft thou (which art but aire) a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not my selfe  
(One of their kinde, that rellish all as sharpely,  
Passion as they) be kindlier mou'd then thou art? 24  
Thogh with their high wrongs I am strook to th' quick,  
Yet, with my nobler reason, gainst my furie  
Doe I take part: the rarer Action is  
In Vertue, then in Vengeance: they, being penitent, 28  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend

---

<sup>1</sup> *carriage* = burden.

## *The Tempest.*

Not a frowne further. Goe, release them, *Ariell* !  
My Charmes Ile breake, their fences Ile restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

*Ar.* Ile fetch them, Sir ! [*Exit.* 32

*Pro.* Ye Elues of hils, brooks, standing lakes, & groues !<sup>1</sup>

And ye, that on the sands with printlesse foote  
Doe chase the ebbing-*Neptune*, and doe flie him  
When he comes backe ! You demy-Puppets, that 36  
By Moone-shine doe the greene fowre Ringlets make,  
Whereof the Ewe not bites ! And you, whose pastime  
Is to make midnight-Mushrumps, that reioyce  
To heare the solemne Curfewe ; by whose ayde, 40  
(Weake Masters though ye be,) I haue bedymn'd  
The Noone-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous windes,  
And twixt the greene Sea, and the azur'd vault,  
Set roaring warre ! To the dread ratling Thunder 44  
Haue I giuen fire, and rifted *Ioues* stowt Oke  
With his owne Bolt : The strong bas'd promontorie  
Haue I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt vp  
The Pyne, and Cedar : Graues (at my command) 48  
Haue wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent Art. But this rough Magicke,  
I heere abiure ! And when I haue requir'd  
Some heavenly Musicke, (which euen now I do,) 52  
To worke mine end vpon their Sences, that  
This Ayrie-charme is for, I'le breake my staffe,  
Bury it certaine fadomes in the earth,  
And, deeper then did euer Plummet sound, 56  
Ile drowne my booke.—

[*Solemne musicke.* **PROSP.** *makes a Magick Circle.*

*Heere enters ARIEL before : Then ALONSO with a franticke  
gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN and ANTHONIO  
in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : They  
all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there  
stand charm'd : which PROSPERO obseruing, speakes :*

A solemne Ayre, and the best comforter  
To an vnsetled fancie, Cure thy braines

---

<sup>1</sup> The invocation runs on to l. 44.

## The Tempest.

(Now vfeleffe) boild within thy skull! [To ALO. & the rest.]

There stand!

For you are Spell-stopt.

¶ Holy *Gonzallo*, Honourable man!

Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to the shew of thine,  
Fall fellowly drops. (The charme dissolues apace, 64

And, as the morning steales vpon the night,  
Melting the darkenesse, so their rising fences

Begin to chace the ignorant fumes that mantle  
Their cleerer reason.) O good *Gonzallo*, 68

My true preferuer, and a loyall Sir

To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces

Home both in word, and deede. ¶ Most cruelly

Did thou, *Alonso*, vse me, and my daughter: 72

Thy brother was a furtherer in the Act.

¶ Thou art pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*! ¶ Flesh, and blood;

You, brother mine! that entertain'd ambition,  
Expell'd remorse, and nature; who, with *Sebastian*, 76

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,)

Would heere haue kill'd your King: I do forgiue thee,

Vnnaturall though thou art. (Their vnderstanding  
Begins to fwell; and the approaching tide 80

Will shortly fill the reasonable shore

That now lyes foule, and muddy. Not one of them

That yet lookes on me, or would know me!<sup>1</sup>) ¶ *Ariell*!

Fetch me the Hat, and Rapier in my Cell! 84

I will discase me, and my selfe present

As I was sometime *Millaine*. Quickly, Spirit!

Thou shalt ere long be free. 87

[ARIELL sings, and helps to attire him.]

*Where the Bee sucks, there suck I;*

*In a Cowslips bell, I lie;*

*There I crouch when Owles doe crie;*

*On the Batts backe I doe flie*

*after Sommer merrily.* 92

*Merrily, merrily, shall I liue now,*

*Vnder the blossom that hangs on the Bow!* 94

60. *boild*] Pope. boile F.

75. *entertain'd*] F2. entertaine F.

76. *who*] Rowe. whom F.

82. *lies*] ly F. lies F3.

<sup>1</sup> if he did look on me.

# The Tempest.

*Pro.* Why! that's my dainty *Ariell*! I shall misse thee;  
But yet thou shalt haue freedome: so, so, so!  
To the Kings ship, inuifible as thou art!  
There shalt thou finde the Marriners asleepe 98  
Vnder the Hatches: the Mafter and the Boat-fwayne  
Being awake, enforce them to this place;  
And presently, I pre'thee!

*Ar.* I drinke the aire before me, and returne 102  
Or ere your pulfe twice beate. [*Exit.*]

*Gon.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,  
Inhabits heere: some heauenly power guide vs  
Out of this fearefull Country!

*Pro.* Behold, Sir King, 106  
The wrong'd Duke of *Millaine*, *Prospero*!  
For more affurance that a liuing Prince  
Do's now speake to thee, I embrace thy body;  
And to thee, and thy Company, I bid 110  
A hearty welcome.

*Alo.* Where<sup>1</sup> thou bee'st he or no,  
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,  
(As late I haue beene,) I not know: thy Pulfe  
Beats, as of flesh and bloud; and, since I saw thee, 114  
Th'affliction of my minde amends, with which  
(I feare) a madnesse held me: this must craue  
(And if this be at all) a most strange story.  
Thy Dukedome I resigne, and doe entreat 118  
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how shold *Prospero*  
Be liuing, and be heere?

*Pro.* [*to GONZ.*] Firft, noble Friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot  
Be meafur'd, or confin'd!

*Gonz.* Whether this be, 122  
Or be not, I'll not sweare.

*Pro.* You doe yet taste  
Some subtleties o'th'Isle, that will not let you  
Beleeue things certaine. ¶ Wellcome, my friends all!  
[*Aside to SEB. & ANTH.*] But you, my brace of Lords, were  
I fo minded, 126

<sup>1</sup> *Where* = whether.

112. *trifle*] trifle F.

124. *not*] F3. nor F.







# The Tempest.

Beene iustled from your fences, know for certain 158  
 That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke  
 Which was thrust forth of *Millaine*, who most strangely  
 Vpon this shore (where you were wrackt) was landed,  
 To be the Lord on't. No more yet of this, 162  
 For 'tis a Chronicle of day by day,  
 Not a relation for a break-fast, nor  
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir!  
 This Cell's my Court: heere haue I few attendants, 166  
 And Subiects none abroad: pray you, looke in!  
 My Dukedome, since you haue giuen me againe,  
 I will requite you with as good a thing;  
 At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye 170  
 As much, as me my Dukedome.

[Here *PROSPERO* discouers *FERDINAND* and *MIRANDA*,  
 playing at Chess.

*Mir.* Sweet Lord! you play me false.

*Fer.* No, my dearest loue!

I would not for the world! 173

*Mir.* Yes, for a score of Kingdomes, you should wrangle,  
 And I would call it faire play.

*Alo.* If this proue

A vision of the Island, one deere Sonne  
 Shall I twice loose.

*Seb.* A most high miracle! 177

*Fer.* Though the Seas threaten, they are mercifull,  
 I haue curs'd them without cause. [Kneels to *ALON.*

*Alo.* Now all the blessings

Of a glad father, compasse thee about!

Arise! and say how thou cam'st heere.

*Mir.* O wonder! 181

How many goodly creatures are there heere!

How beauteous mankind is! O braue new world,

That has such people in't!

*Pro.* 'Tis new to thee. 184

*Alo.* What is this Maid, with whom thou was't at play?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three houres:

Is she the goddesse that hath feuer'd vs,

And brought vs thus together?

*Fer.* Sir, she is mortall; 188

[V. i. 158-188.

## *The Tempest.*

But, by immortall prouidence, she's mine.  
I chose her when I could not aske my Father  
For his aduise; nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of *Millaine*, 192  
Of whom so often I haue heard renowne,  
But neuer saw before; of whom I haue  
Receiu'd a second life; and second Father  
This Lady makes him to me.

*Alo.* I am hers! 196  
But O, how odly will it sound, that I  
Must aske my childe forgiuenesse!

*Pro.* There, Sir, stop!  
Let vs not burthen our remembrances, with  
A heauineffe that's gon!

*Gon.* I haue inly wept, 200  
Or should haue spoke ere this.—Looke downe, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessed crowne!  
For it is you, that haue chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought vs hither.

*Alo.* I say 'Amen,' *Gonzallo*! 204  
*Gon.* Was *Millaine* thrust from *Millaine*, that his Issue  
Should become Kings of *Naples*? O, reioyce  
Beyond a common ioy! and set it downe  
With gold on lasting Pillers: In one voyage, 208  
Did *Claribell*, her husband finde at *Tunis*;  
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,  
Where he himselve was lost; *Prospero*, his Dukedome  
In a poore Isle; and all of vs, our selues, 212  
When no man was his owne.

*Alo.* [*to FER. & MIR.*] Giue me your hands!  
Let grieve and sorrow still embrace his heart,  
That doth not with you ioy!

*Gon.* Be it so! Amen!

*Re-enter ARIELL, with the Master and Boatswaine amazedly following.*

O, looke, Sir! looke, Sir! here is more of vs! 216  
I prophesied, 'if a Gallowes were on Land,  
This fellow could not drowne.' [*To Boats.*] Now, Blasphemy,  
That swear'th Grace ore-board, not an oath on shore?

## *The Tempest.*

Haſt thou no mouth by land? What is the newes? 220

*Bot.* The beſt newes is, that we haue ſafely found  
Our King, and company. The next: our Ship  
(Which but three glaſſes ſince, we gaue out ſplit)  
Is tyte, and yare, and brauely rig'd, as when 224  
We firſt put out to Sea.

(*Ar.* [*aside to PROS.*] Sir, all this ſeruice  
Haue I done ſince I went!

*Pro.* [*aside to ARI.*] My trickfey Spirit!)

*Alo.* Theſe are not naturall euent; they ſtrengthen  
From ſtrange to ſtranger. Say, how came you hither? 228

*Bot.* If I did thinke, Sir, I were well awake,  
I'd friue to tell you: We were dead of ſleepe,  
And (how we know not) all clapt vnder hatches;  
Where, but euen now, with ſtrange and ſeuerrall noyſes 232  
(Of roring, ſhreeking, howling, gingling chaines,  
And mo diuerſitie of ſounds, all horrible,)  
We were awak'd; ſtraight way, at liberty;  
Where we, in all *her* trim, freſhly beheld 236  
Our royall, good, and gallant Ship: our Maſter  
Capring to eye her: on a trice, ſo pleaſe you,  
Euen in a dreame, were we diuided from them,  
And were brought moaping hither.

(*Ar.* [*aside to PROS.*] Was't well done? 240

*Pro.* [*aside to ARI.*] Brauely, (my Diligence!) thou ſhalt  
be free!)

*Alo.* This is as ſtrange a Maze, as ere men trod;  
And there is in this buſineſſe, more then Nature  
Was euer conduct of: ſome Oracle 244  
Muſt rectifie our knowledge.

*Pro.* Sir, my Leige!

Doe not infeſt your minde, with beating on  
The ſtrangeneſſe of this buſineſſe; at pickt leiſure,  
(Which ſhall be ſhortly,) ſingle, I'll reſolue you 248  
(Which to you ſhall ſeeme probable) of euery  
Theſe happend accidents; till when, be cheerefull,  
And thinke of each thing well! ([*Aside to ARI.*] Come  
hither, Spirit! 251

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236. *her*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). our F.

## *The Tempest.*

Set *Caliban*, and his companions free!  
Vntye the Spell!) [*Exit ARIEL.*] ¶ How fares my gracious Sir?  
There are yet missing of your Companie  
Some few odde Lads, that you remember not. 255

*Re-enter ARIELL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and  
TRINCULO, in their stolne Apparell.*

*Ste.* Euery man shift for all the rest, and let no man take  
care for himselfe; for all is but fortune! ¶ *Coragio*, Bully-  
Monster, *Corasio*!<sup>1</sup>

*Tri.* If these be true spies which I weare in my head,  
here's a goodly fight! 260

*Cal.* O *Setebos*, these be braue Spirits indeede!  
How fine my Master is! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

*Seb.* Ha, ha!  
What things are these, my Lord *Anthonio*? 264  
Will money buy em?

*Ant.* Very like! one of them  
Is a plaine Fish, and no doubt marketable.

*Pro.* Marke but the badges of these men, my Lords!  
Then say if they be true, This mishapen knaue: 268

(His Mother was a Witch, and one so strong  
That could controule the Moone, make flowes and ebs,  
And deale in her command, without her power.)  
These three haue robd me; and this demy-diuell 272

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them  
To take my life. Two of these Fellowes, you  
Must know, and owne; this Thing of darkenesse, I  
Acknowledge mine.

*Cal.* I shall be pinch't to death! 276

*Alo.* Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken Butler?

*Seb.* He is drunke now. Where had he wine?

*Alo.* And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe: where should they  
Finde this grand Liquor that hath gilded 'em? 280  
¶ How cam'st thou in this pickle?

*Tri.* I haue bin in such a 'pickle' since I saw you last, that  
(I feare me) will neuer out of my bones! I shall not feare  
fly-blowing. 284

<sup>1</sup> *Corasio* is kept to show the stage pronunciation, *Corashio*.  
V. i. 252-284.] 62

## *The Tempest.*

*Seb.* Why! how now, *Stephano*?

*Ste.* O touch me not! I am not *Stephano*, but a Cramp!

*Pro.* You'd be King o'the Isle, Sirha?

*Ste.* I should haue bin a fore one, then. 288

*Alo.* This is a strange thing as ere I look'd on.

[*Points to CALIBAN.*]

*Pro.* He is as disproportion'd in his Manners

As in his shape. [*To CAL.*] Goe, Sirha, to my Cell!

Take with you your Companions! As you looke 292

To haue my pardon, trim it handsomely!

*Cal.* I, that I will! and Ile be wife hereafter,  
And seeke for grace. What a thrice double Assè 295

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god, [*Points to STEPH.*]  
And worship this dull foole!

*Pro.* Goe to! away! 297

*Alo.* Hence! and bestow your luggage where you found it.

*Seb.* Or stole it, rather. [*Exeunt CAL., STEPH. & TRINC.*]

*Pro.* Sir! I inuite your Highnesse, and your traine  
To my poore Cell, where you shall take your rest 301

For this one night; which (part of it) Ile waffe

With fuch discourse, as (I not doubt) shall make it

Goe quicke away: (The story of my life,  
And the particular accidents, gon by 305

Since I came to this Isle:) And in the morne

I'll bring you to your ship, and so to *Naples*,

Where I haue hope to see the nuptiall

Of these our deere-belou'd, solemnized, 309

And thence retire me to my *Millaine*, where

Euery third thought shall be my graue.

*Alo.* I long

To heare the story of your life; which must

Take the eare strangely.

*Pro.* I'll deliuer all, 313

And promise you calme Seas, auspicious gales,

And faile so expeditious, that shall catch [chicke!

Your Royall fleete farre off. ([*Aside to ARI.*] My *Ariel*!

That is thy charge: Then to the Elements

Be free, and fare thou well!) ¶ Please you draw neere! 318

[*Exeunt omnes. Manet PROSPERO.*]

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309. *belou'd*] below'd F.

313. *strangely*] starnghly F.



*The Tempest.*

EPILOGUE,

*Spoken by PROSPERO.*

Now my Charms are all ore-throwne ;  
And what strength I haue, 's mine owne, 320  
Which is most faint : Now, 'tis true,  
I must be heere confinde by you, 322  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not  
(Since I haue my Dukedome got, 324  
And pardon'd the deceiuer) dwell  
In this bare Island, by your Spell ; 326  
But release me from my bands,  
With the helpe of your good hands ! 328  
Gentle breath of yours, my Sailes  
Must fill, or else my proiect failes, 330  
Which was to please. Now I want  
Spirits to enforce, Art to inchant ; 332  
And my ending is despaire,  
Vnlesse I be relieu'd by praier, 334  
Which pierces so, that it assaults  
Mercy it selfe, and frees all faults. 336  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your Indulgence set me free ! [Exit. 338]

[The Names of the Actors follow. See it, enlarg'd, on p. 294, abov.]

FINIS.

## NOTES.

- p. 3, I. i. 63. *firs* = furze. Cp. Cotgrave's '*Genest espineux*. Furses, Whinnes, Gorse, Thorne-broome.
- p. 5, I. ii. 41. "*Out* (= fully) three yeeres old." In a small Qo, 1601, called *The Worlde, or An historicall description of the most famous kingdomes*, etc. *Translated into English and enlarged* by some one who in his dedication of the volume signs himself *I. R.*, I have found an apt instance of this use of the word *out*. In his description of Venice, p. 95, the author says—"in their Arsnall they maintaine *out* 200. gallies," etc.—P. A. Daniel.
- p. 6, I. ii. 81. *trash*, cut off.
- p. 6, I. ii. 100. *into* = unto.
- p. 9, I. ii. 181. *I finde my Zenith*, etc.  
These lines recall the famous ones of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*—  
"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life,  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."—IV. iii. 216-19.
- p. 21, II. i. 82. *the miraculous Harpe*; Amphion's.
- p. 23, II. i. 144-9. mainly from Florio's *Montaigne*. He is describing nations cald 'barbarous,' but in fact obeying Nature : "The lawes of *nature* doe yet command them . . . me seemeth that what in those nations we see by experience, doth not only *exceed* all the pictures wherewith licentious Poesie hath proudly embellished the *golden age* . . . but also the conception and desire of Philosophy. It is a nation . . . that hath *no kinde of traffike, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superioritie ; no use of service, of riches or of povertie, no contracts, no successions, no partitions, no occupation but idle ; no respect of kinred, but common, no apparell but naturall, no manuring of lands, no use of wine, corne, or mettle*. The very words that import lying, falshood, *treason* . . . were never heard of amongst them." Booke I, chap. 30, p. 102, ed. 1632.
- p. 33, II. ii. 166. *Scamels* : The only use of *scamel* now known is for the name of the bartailed godwit, *Limosa Lapponica*, in Norfolk : and that does not seem to give the meaning required here.
- p. 34, III. i. 15. *it*—refers to labours. The use of 'it' instead of 'them' occurs in the following side-note to the Spanish word '*Socorros*' : "Succors or lendings which they give soldiers when there is no paie, and when the paie comes they take it off."—In Minsheu's *Spanish Dialogues and Grammar*, 1599, p. 59.
- p. 37, III. ii. 4, 5. *Iland* (A.Sax. *igland*) : *Isle* (Fr. *isle*).

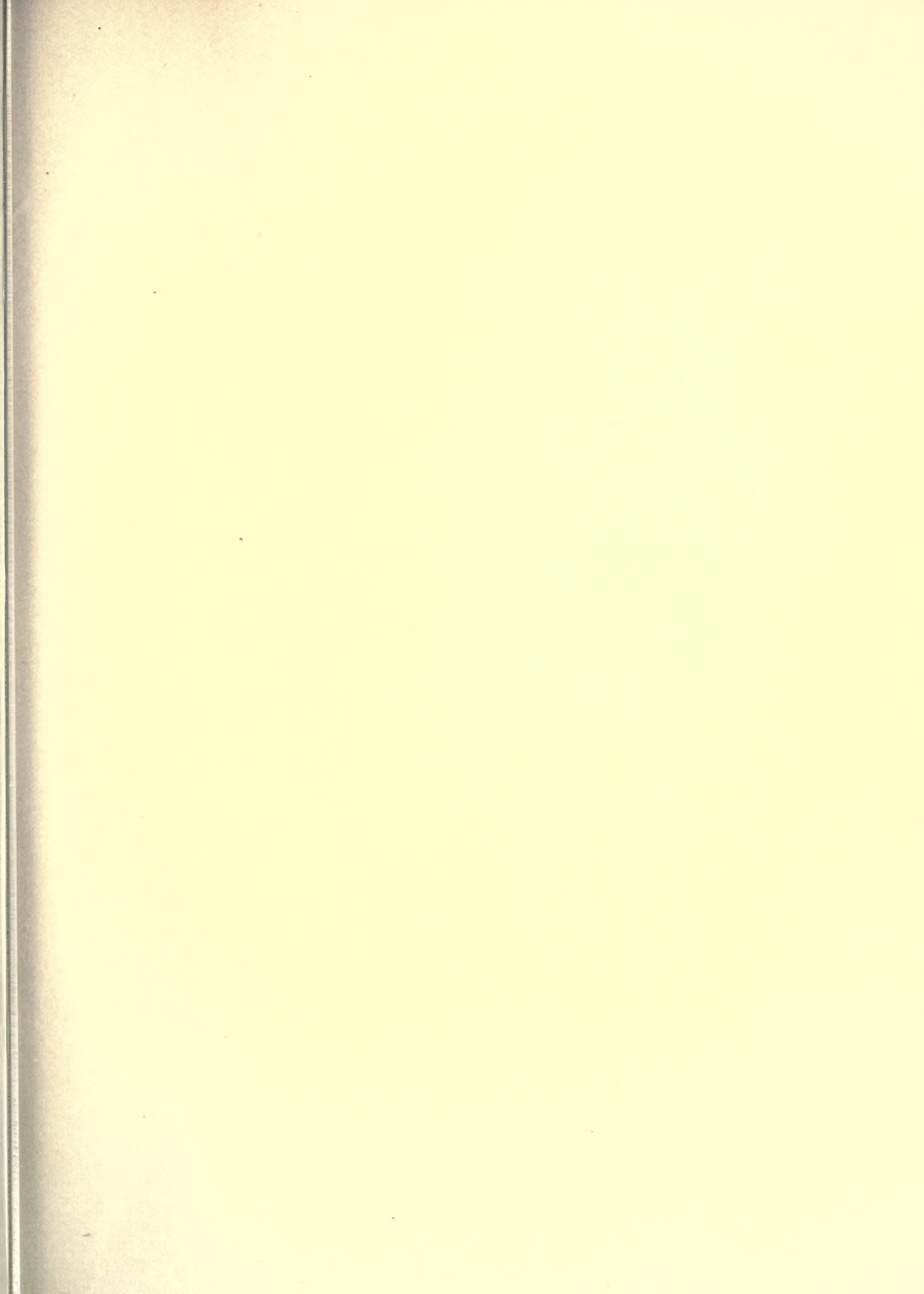
## Notes.

- p. 40, III. ii. 118. *cout*: the same as *skowt* without the intensive *s*.
- p. 43, III. iii. 48. *five for one*: this was the danger-rate of the time. A traveller, before starting on a risky voyage, paid £100 to a money-lender, on condition that if he returned he should have £500. See Fynes Morison's *Itinerary*, &c. If the passage is to be emended, read *at for of*.
- p. 46, IV. i. 15-22. Does Shakspeare speak his own experience here?
- p. 53, IV. i. 237-8. As we don't know the date when the sailors' practise of shaving men, and playing other rough tricks, on crossing the Equator, began, the allusion here must be to the loss of men's hair from the great heat, and fevers caught, under the Line: see Edwards' MSS. note in *Variorum*, 1821. Mr. P. A. Daniel writes: Hear what Dr. Peter Kolben says of his experience—"For my own Part, blessed be God, I pass'd the *Line* in perfect Health, without any Ailment whatever; only I lost my Hair entirely, and became quite bald;" etc., p. 13, *The Present State of the Cape of Good Hope*, etc. *Written originally in High German by Peter Kolben, A.M. Done into English by Mr. [Guido] Medley, 1731.* Kolben made the voyage in 1705.
- p. 58, V. i. 145. *as late*, lately-happened, recent.
- p. 63, V. i. 309. Folio 'belou'd' may be kept, etc. 'solémnized' pronounst as in *L. L. Lost*, II. i. 42.

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